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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A SUMMER'S GHOST, ETC.

A SUMMER'S GHOST.

IN that old summer can you still recall
 The pomp with which the strong sun rose
 and set,
 How bright the moon shone on the shining
 fields,
 What wild, sweet blossoms with the dew
 were wet?

Can you still hear the merry robins sing,
 And see the brave red lilies gleam and glow,
 The waiting wealth of bloom, the reckless
 bees,
 That woo their wild-flower loves, and sting,
 and go?

Canst hear the waves that round the happy
 shore
 Broke in soft joy, and told delusive tales—
 We go, but we return; love comes and goes;
 And eyes that watch see homeward-faring
 sails.

"'Twas thus in other seasons?" Ah, may be!
 But I forgot them, and remembered this—
 A brief, warm season, and a fond, brief love,
 And cold, white winter after bloom and
 bliss.

Victoria Magazine.

A WATER-LILY AT EVENING.

SLEEP, lily on the lake,
 Without one troubled dream
 Thy hushed repose to break,
 Until the morning beam
 Shall open thy glad heart again;
 To live its life apart from pain.

So still is thy repose,
 So pure thy petals seem,
 As heaven would here disclose
 Its peace, and we might deem
 A soul in each white lily lay,
 Passionless, from the lands of day.

Yet but a flower thou art,
 For angel ne'er or saint,
 Though kept on earth apart
 From every earthly taint,
 A life so passionless could know,
 Amid a world of human woe.

Spectator. F. W. B.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SHE lifts to-day her fairy bells
 For balmy winds to sway,
 And round her cells the brown bee tells
 The music of the May.
 She treasures in her snowy cup
 The sunbeam's golden light,
 And brims the dainty chalice up
 With starry pearls of night.

She calls my heart as in a trance
 To years long passed away;
 I feel once more the gentle glance
 That lit my life's young day.
 O blooms so sweet, the blooms she wore—
 And she as fair as they! —
 Your spell can give my heart no more
 The lily of its May!

N. Y. Evening Post. HATTIE A. FEULING.

MY TREASURES.

I COUNT my treasures o'er and o'er
 Gifts of the past, a golden store,
 And time can give me nothing more.

The little ring she used to wear,
 A shadow picture, sweet and fair,
 Dead violets, and a tress of hair.

Frail keys, that ope to bygone time,
 I wander on and reach a clime
 Where bells of morning ever chime.

There all my fair possessions lie,
 My castles that no wealth can buy
 Their golden summits in the sky.

O youth, to feel death's breath of frost!
 O little hands too early crossed!
 Nor love nor faith can count you lost.
 Good Samaritan. H. A. FEULING.

TO KATE.

WHY does this feeling of unrest
 Deep rooted live within my breast?
 I have no reason to complain
 Of fickle fortune, and no stain
 Or memory of evil haunts me.
 What have I sown that I should reap
 The whirlwind, — that I cannot — sleep
 Or waking — ever be at ease?
 I look among my treasures rare,
 My treasures rich beyond compare,
 I search them idly through and through,
 And 'though I have but few, but few,
 The one of all to me most dear,
 Alas! I do not find it here.

You ask what jewel have I lost,
 Of such immensity and cost,
 And who the culprit bold can be
 Who stole my peace of mind from me.
 A woman is the criminal.
 She has such eyes of heav'nly blue,
 That speak of heart and soul so true,
 I fear I cannot prove her guilt;
 For judge and jury will refuse
 To hear the pleading of my muse,
 To listen to a charge of theft
 From one of reason almost 'reft, —
 They'll not believe the story, mine,
 'Gainst honest face and eyes as thine.
 Transcript. T.

From The Quarterly Review.
LORD MACAULAY.*

BY Rt. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

A PECULIAR faculty, and one approaching to the dramatic order, belongs to the successful painter of historical portraits, and belongs also to the true biographer. It is that of representing personality. In the picture, what we want is not merely a collection of unexceptionable lines and colors so presented as readily to identify their original. Such a work is not the man, but a duly attested certificate of the man. What we require, however, is the man and not merely the certificate. In the same way, what we want in a biography, and what, despite the etymology of the title, we very seldom find, is *life*. The very best transcript is a failure, if it be a transcript only. To fulfil its idea, it must have in it the essential quality of movement; must realize the lofty fiction of the divine shield of Achilles, where the upturning earth, though wrought in metal, darkened as the plough went on, and the figures of the battle-piece dealt their strokes and parried them, and dragged out from the turmoil the bodies of their dead.

To write the biography of Lord Macaulay was a most arduous task. Such seems to have been the conception, with which it was approached; nor is it belied by the happy faculty with which it has been accomplished. Mr. Trevelyan had already achieved a reputation for conspicuous ability; and the honor of near relationship was in this case at least a guarantee for reverent and devoted love. But neither love, which is indeed a danger as well as an ally, nor intelligence, nor assiduity, nor forgetfulness of self, will make a thoroughly good biography, without this subtle gift of imparting life. By this it was that Boswell established himself as the prince of all biographers; by this Mr. Trevelyan has, we believe, earned for himself a place on what is still a somewhat scanty roll.

Beyond doubt his subject has supplied him with great, and, to the general reader,

unexpected advantages. The world was familiar in a high degree with the name of Lord Macaulay, and thought it knew the man, as one transcendent in much, and greatly eminent in all, that he undertook. With the essayist, the orator, the historian, the poet, the great social star, and even the legislist, we were all prepared, in our anticipations of this biography, to renew an admiring acquaintance. But there lay behind all these what was in truth richer and better than them all—a marked and noble human character; and it has not been the well-known aspects, and the better-known works, of the man which Mr. Trevelyan has set himself to exhibit. He has executed a more congenial and delightful office in exhibiting *ad vivum* this personality, of which the world knew little, and of which its estimate, though never low, was, as has now been shown, very far beneath the mark of truth. This is the pledge which he gives to his readers at the outset (vol. i. p. 3):—

For every one who sat with him in private company, or at the transactions of public business, for every ten who have listened to his oratory in Parliament, or on the hustings, there must be tens of thousands whose interest in history and literature he has awakened and informed by his pen, and who would gladly know what *manner of man it was* that has done them so great a service. To gratify that most legitimate wish is the duty of those who have the means at their command . . . His own letters will supply the deficiencies of the biographer.

And the promise thus conveyed he redeems in some nine hundred and fifty pages, which are too few rather than too many. In the greater part of the work, he causes Lord Macaulay to speak for himself. In the rest he is, probably for the reason that it was Lord Macaulay's custom to destroy the letters of his correspondents, nearly the sole interlocutor; and the setting will not disappoint those who admired, and are jealous for, the stones.

Lord Macaulay lived a life of no more than sixty years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life of sustained exertion—a high table-land without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. In Two Volumes. London, 1876.

anything wearisome, it is only the weariness of reiterated splendor, and of success so uniform as to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain-power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoiled child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new golden age he imparted to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his first and most important, if not best, Parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction. For a century and more, perhaps no man in this country, with the exception of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Byron, had attained at thirty-two the fame of Macaulay. His Parliamentary success and his literary eminence were each of them enough, as they stood at this date, to intoxicate any brain and heart of a meaner order. But to these was added in his case an amount and quality of social attentions such as invariably partake of adulation and idolatry, and as perhaps the high circles of London never before or since have lavished on a man whose claims lay only in himself, and not in his descent, his rank, or his possessions. Perhaps it was good for his mental and moral health that the enervating action of this process was suspended for four years. Although after his return from India in 1839 it could not but revive, he was of an age to bear it with less peril to his manhood. He seems at all times to have held his head high above the stir and the fascination, which excite and enslave the weak. His masculine intelligence, and his ardent and single-minded devotion to literature, probably derived in this respect essential aid from that depth and warmth of domestic affections, which lay nearer yet to the centre of his being.

Mr. Trevelyan has further promised us (i. 4) that he "will suppress no trait in his

disposition, or incident in his career, which might provoke blame or question. . . . Those who best love him do not fear the consequences of freely submitting his character and his actions to the public verdict." The pledge is one which it was safe to give. It is with Macaulay the man that the biographer undertakes to deal, and not with Macaulay the author. Upon the structure of his mind, upon its extraordinary endowments and its besetting dangers, there is much that must or may be said, in tones of question and of warning, as well as of admiration and applause. But as regards the character and life of the man, small indeed is the space for animadversion; and the world must be more censorious than we take it to be if, after reading these volumes, it does not conclude with thankfulness and pleasure that the writer who had so long ranked among its marvels has also earned a high place among its worthies.

He was, indeed, prosperous and brilliant; a prodigy, a meteor, almost a portent, in literary history. But his course was laborious, truthful, simple, independent, noble; and all these in an eminent degree. Of the inward battle of life he seems to known nothing; his experience of the outward battle, which had reference to money, was not inconsiderable, but it was confined to his earlier manhood. The general outline of his career has long been familiar, and offers neither need nor scope for detail. After four years of high Parliamentary distinction, and his first assumption of office, he accepted a lucrative appointment in India, with a wise view to his own pecuniary independence, and a generous regard to what might be, as they had been, the demands of his nearest relations upon his affectionate bounty. Another term of four years brought him back, the least Indian, despite of his active labors upon the legislative code, of all the civilians who had ever served the Company. He soon re-entered Parliament; but his zest for the political arena seems never to have regained the temperature of his virgin love at the time of the Reform Bill. He had offered his resignation of office during the debates on the Emancipation Act, at

a time when salary was of the utmost importance to him, and for a cause which was far more his father's than his own. This he did with a promptitude, and a manly unconsciousness of effect or merit in the act, which were truly noble. Similar was his dignified attitude, when his constituents of Edinburgh committed their first fault in rejecting him on account of his vote for Maynooth. This was in 1847. At the general election in 1852, they were again at his feet; as though the final cause of the indignity had been only to enhance the triumph of his re-election. Twice at least in the House of Commons he arrested the successful progress of legislative measures, and slew them at a moment's notice and by his single arm. The first was the Copyright Bill of Sergeant Talfourd in 1841; the second, the bill of 1853 for excluding the master of the rolls from the House of Commons. But whenever he rose to speak, it was a summons to fill the benches. He retired from the House of Commons in 1856. At length, when in 1857 he was elevated by Lord Palmerston to the peerage, all the world of letters felt honored in his person. The claims of that which he felt to be indeed his profession acquired an increasing command on him, as the interests of political life grew less and less. Neither was social life allowed greatly to interfere with literary work, although here, too, his triumphs were almost unrivaled. Only one other attraction had power over him, and it was a lifelong power — the love of his sisters, which about the mid-point of life came to mean of his sister, Lady Trevelyan. As there is nothing equally touching, so there is really nothing more wonderful in the memoirs, than the large, the immeasurable abundance of this gushing stream. It is not surprising that the full reservoir overflowed upon her children. Indeed he seems to have had a store of this love that could not be exhausted (ii. 209) for little children generally; his simplicity and tenderness vying all along in graceful rivalry with the manly qualities, which in no one were more pronounced. After some forewarnings, a period of palpable decline, which was brief as well as

tranquil, brought him to his end on the 28th of December, 1859.

With these few words we part from the general account of Macaulay's life. It is not the intention of this article to serve for lazy readers, instead of the book which it reviews. In the pages of Mr. Trevelyan they will find that which ought to be studied, and can hardly be abridged. They will find too, let us say in passing, at no small number of points, the nearest approach within our knowledge, not to the imitation but to the reproduction of an imitable style. What remains for critics and observers is to interpret the picture which the biography presents. For it offers to us much matter of wide human interest, even beyond and apart from the numerous questions which Macaulay's works would of themselves suggest.

One of the very first things that must strike the observer of this man is, that he was very unlike to any other man. And yet this unlikeness, this monopoly of the model in which he was made, did not spring from violent or eccentric features of originality, for eccentricity he had none whatever, but from the peculiar mode in which the ingredients were put together to make up the composition. In one sense, beyond doubt, such powers as his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, separated him broadly from others; but gifts like these do not make the man; and we now for the first time know that he possessed, in a far larger sense, the stamp of a real and strong individuality. The most splendid and complete assemblage of intellectual endowments does not of itself suffice to create an interest of the kind that is, and will be, now felt in Macaulay. It is from ethical gifts alone that such an interest can spring. They existed in him not only in abundance, but in forms distinct from, and even contrasted with, the fashion of his intellectual faculties, and in conjunctions which come near to paradox. Behind the mask of splendor lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance, an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental, a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening

to sap his manhood. He, who as speaker and writer seemed above all others to represent the age and the world, had the real centre of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys. He, for whom the mysteries of human life, thought, and destiny appear to have neither charm nor terror, and whose writings seem audibly to boast in every page of being bounded by the visible horizon of the practical and work-day sphere, in his virtues and in the combination of them, in his freshness, bountiful, bravery, in his unshrinking devotion both to causes and to persons, and most of all, perhaps, in the thoroughly in-born and spontaneous character of all these gifts, really recalls the age of chivalry and the lineaments of the ideal. The peculiarity, the *differentia* (so to speak), of Macaulay seems to us to lie in this, that while, as we frankly think, there is much to question — nay, much to regret or even censure in his writings — the excess or defect, or whatever it may be, is never really ethical, but is in all cases due to something in the structure and habits of his intellect. And again it is pretty plain that the faults of that intellect were immediately associated with its excellencies : it was in some sense, to use the language of his own Milton, "dark with excessive bright." *

Macaulay was singularly free of vices, and not in the sense in which, according to Swift's note on Burnet, William III. held such a freedom ; that is to say, "as a man is free of a corporation." One point only we reserve ; a certain tinge of occasional vindictiveness. Was he envious ? Never. Was he servile ? No. Was he insolent ? No. Was he prodigal ? No. Was he avaricious ? No. Was he selfish ? No. Was he idle ? The question is ridiculous. Was he false ? No ; but true as steel and transparent as crystal. Was he vain ? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list he stands the trial ; and though in his "History" he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life, or his remembered character, that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

The most disputable of the negatives we have pronounced is that which relates to vanity ; a defect rather than a vice ; never admitted into the septenary catalogue of the mortal sins of Dante and the Church ; often lodged by the side of high and strict virtue, often allied with an amiable and playful innocence ; a token of imperfec-

tion, a deduction from greatness ; and no more. For this imputation on Macaulay there are apparent, but, as we think, only apparent, grounds.

His moderation in luxuries and pleasures is the more notable and praiseworthy because he was a man who, with extreme healthiness of faculty, enjoyed keenly what he enjoyed at all. Take in proof the following hearty notice of a dinner *a quattr' occhi* to his friend : "Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster-curry, woodcock, and maccaroni.* I think that I will note dinners, as honest Pepys did" (ii. 243 ; compare ii. 281).

His love of books was intense, and was curiously developed. In a walk he would devour a play or a volume (ii. 287, 299, 282) : and once his performance embraced no less than fourteen books of the "Odyssey" (vol. ii. 295). "His way of life," says Mr. Trevelyan, "would have been deemed solitary by others ; but it was not solitary to him" (ii. 465). This development blossomed into a peculiar specialism (ii. 466). Henderson's "Iceland" was "a favorite breakfast-book" with him. "Some books, which I would never dream of opening at dinner, please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*!" There is more subtlety in this distinction than could easily be found in any passage of his writings. But how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master propensity ! This devotion, however, was not without its drawbacks. Thought, apart from books and from composition, perhaps he disliked, certainly he eschewed. Crossing that evil-minded sea, the Irish Channel, at night in rough weather, he is disabled from reading : he wraps himself in a pea-jacket and sits upon the deck. What is his employment ? He cannot sleep, or does not. What an opportunity for moving onwards in the processes of thought, which ought to weigh on the historian. The wild yet soothing music of the waves would have helped him to watch the verging this way or that of the judicial scales, or to dive into the problems of human life and action which history continually casts upon the surface. No, he cared for none of this. He set about the marvellous feat of going over "Paradise Lost" from memory ; when he found he could still repeat half of it (ii. 263). In a word, he was always conversing, or recollecting, or reading, or composing ; but reflecting, never.

The laboriousness of Macaulay as an

* Paradise Lost, iii. 38a.

* On this word *vide* note, p. 519.

author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, well-nigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find, that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson. Great is the praise due to the poet: still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet's diligence is, all along, a honied work. He is ever travelling in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust, and heat, and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal to the poet; but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rare exceptions. The tests of excellence in prose are as much less palpable, as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downwards in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to our slipshod generation.

It was naturally consequent upon this habit of treating composition in the spirit of art, that he should extend to the body of his books much of the regard and care which he so profusely bestowed upon their soul. We have accordingly had in him, at the time when the need was greatest, a most vigilant guardian of the language. We seem to detect rare and slight evidences of carelessness in his journal: of which we can only say that, in a production of the moment, written for himself alone, we are surprised that they are not more numerous and considerable. In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly

difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear. But in his published works his grammar,* his orthography, nay, his punctuation (too often surrendered to the printer), are faultless. On these questions, and on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a word, he may even be called an authority without appeal; and we cannot doubt that we owe it to his works, and to their boundless circulation, that we have not witnessed a more rapid corruption and degeneration of the language.

To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this, and probably for all future, centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men: and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favorites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age—in point of public favor, and of emolument following upon it—comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay fresh from college, in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed, after

* In an unpublished paper on "Appointment by Competition," we find (at ii. 342) the following sentence: "*Instead of purity resulting from that arrangement to India, England itself would soon be tainted.*" Can the construction, of which the words we have italicized are an example, be found anywhere in the published works of Macaulay? Or in any writer of fair repute before the present century? Or even before the present day? Let any one, who desires to test its accuracy, try to translate it into a foreign language. Fonblanche, who was laudably jealous of our noble mother tongue, protested against this usage. His editor records the protest; and in the next page himself commits the crime. We find another example in Macaulay's letter to his father at p. 150 or vol. i. "All minds seem to be perfectly made up as to the certainty of *Catholic Emancipation having come at last.*" This very slovenly form of speech is now coming in upon us like a flood, through the influence of newspapers, official correspondence, and we know not what beside. As to errors of printing not obviously due to the operative department, during our searches in preparation for this article we have only chanced to stumble upon one; in the essay on Bacon, the word *τικτορπονγίεβα* is twice printed with the accent on the *antepenultima*. Mr. Trevelyan records the rigor with which Macaulay proscribed "Bosphorus" instead of Bosporus, and Syren instead of Siren. In the interests of extreme accuracy, we raise the question whether Macaulay himself is correct in writing *macaroni* (ii. 243) instead of *maccaroni*. *Macaroni* is according to the French usage, and is referred by Webster to *pâpak*, a derivation which we utterly reject. But the original word is Italian, and is derived from *maccà*, signifying abundance or heap (see the admirable "Traminer" Dictionary, Naples, 1831).

thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendor, he sank beneath it. His literary gains were extraordinary. The cheque for 20,000*l.* is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still, had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which, however, he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind, that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances; though in the blaze of literary and political success; and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which, by a less congenial and more compulsory use, would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forebore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal, estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a minister, until 1851 (ii. 291, 292), when he had already lived fifty of his sixty years, did this favorite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

It has been observed, that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism, which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis. His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently φυρτώς, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his reader along by violence, as the river Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself, that a criticism like that of Lessing in his "Laocoön," or of Goethe on Hamlet, filled him with wonder and despair. His intense devotion to the great work of Dante (ii. 22) is not in keeping with his tastes and attachments generally, but is in itself a circumstance of much interest.

We remember, however, at least one observation of Macaulay's, in regard to art, which is worth preserving. He observed that the mixture of gold with ivory in great works of ancient art—for example, in the Jupiter of Phidias—was probably a condescension to the tastes of

the people who were to be the worshippers of the statue; and he noticed that in Christian times it has most rarely happened that productions great in art have also been the objects of warm popular veneration.

Neither again had he patience for the accurate collection of minute particulars of evidence, to disentangle an intricate controversy, and by the recovery of the thread to bring out the truth. He neither could, nor would have done, for example, what Mr. Elwin has done in that masterly preface to the letters of Pope, which throws so much light upon the character.* All such questions he either passed by unnoticed, or else carried by storm. He left them to the Germans, of whose labors he possessed little knowledge, and formed a very insufficient estimate. His collection of particulars was indeed most minute, but he was the master, not the servant, of his subject-matter. When once his rapid eye was struck with some powerful effect, he could not wait to ascertain whether his idea, formed at a first view, really agreed with the ultimate presentation of the facts. If, however, he wrote many a line that was untrue, never did he write one that he did not believe to be true. He very rarely submitted to correct or to retract; and yet not because he disliked it, but simply because, from the habits of his mind, he could not see the need of it. Nothing can be more ingenuous, for example, than the following passage, written when he was at the very zenith of his fame (ii. 442), in 1858:—

To-day I got a letter from —, pointing out what I must admit to be a gross impropriety of language in my book; an impropriety of a sort rare, I hope, with me. It shall be corrected, and I am obliged to the fellow, little as I like him.

If then Macaulay failed beyond many men inferior to himself in the faculty (as to his works) of self-correction, what was the cause of this defect? It certainly did not lie in any coarse, outward, vulgar view of his calling.

It was not in such a spirit that Macaulay wooed the Muses. In whatever garb he wooed them, it was always in the noble worship of the Georgics, as the divinities,—

Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore.

Though, relatively to the common standard of literary production, his very worst would have been good, his taste and his

* The Works of Alexander Pope. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin.

principle alike forbade him to be satisfied with less than his best. His conception of the vocation was lofty to the uttermost; his execution was in the like degree scrupulous and careful. Nowhere, perhaps, can we find a more true description of the motive which impels a great writer, than in the fine thought of Filicaja, —

Fama non cerco o mercenaria lode;
that poet was content to sing for love of
singing, —

Purch' io cantando del bell' Arno in riva
Stoghi l' alto desio che 'l cor mi rode.

He could not, indeed, have accepted that portion of the Italian minstrel's "self-denying ordinance" which dispensed with fame. With the entire and peculiar force of his fancy, he projected in his mental vision the renown which the future was to bring him; and, having thus given body to his abstraction, allowed himself to dwell on it with rich enjoyment, as on some fair and boundless landscape. On the publication of his "History," he felt as in all its fulness, so in all its forms,

La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d'un gran disegno.*

The sale has surpassed expectation; but that proves only that people have formed a high idea of what they are to have. The disappointment, if there is a disappointment, will be great. All that I hear is laudatory. But who can trust to praise that is poured into his own ear? At all events, I have aimed high. I have tried to do something that may be remembered. I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind. I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style; and, if I fail, my failure will be more honorable than nine-tenths of the successes that I have witnessed (ii. 246).

Yet we infer from the general strain of his journals and letters, that even had there been no such thing as fame in his view, he still would have written for the sake of writing; that for him reputation was to work, what pleasure properly is to virtue — the normal sequel, the grace and complement of the full-formed figure, but not its centre nor its heart.

We have spoken of some contrast between Macaulay himself and his works. It cannot be more fairly illustrated than in an instance which Mr. Trevelyan, true to his pledge, has not shrunk from exhibiting. Macaulay used the lash with merciless severity against the poems of Robert Montgomery; and it entered deeply into the flesh of the man. Like "poor Yorick,"

there are those who remember Montgomery, and who can say of him this, that if he was not, as he was not, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," he was a man of pure and high character, and of natural gifts much above the common. If his style was affected, his life was humble. He committed the fault of publishing, as hundreds do, indifferent verses; and the popular press of the day, with the public at its back, offered an absurd worship before the idol. But he was an idol; and Macaulay, as the minister of justice for the welfare of the republic of letters, hurled him from the pedestal into an abyss. It was, we have not a doubt, without a shadow of ill-feeling towards the culprit that the judge, in this instance, put on the black-cap of doom. We very much regret, that when Montgomery subsequently appealed for mercy, although it seems he had the folly to intermix some kind of menace with his prayer, Macaulay (ii. 276) refused to withdraw his article, which had more than served its purpose, from the published collection of his essays; so that this bad poet, but respectable and respected man, is not allowed the sad privilege of oblivion, and the public are still invited to look on and see the immortal terrier worrying the mortal mouse. We have here an example of the inability of Macaulay to judge according to measure. But this is not the point we seek to illustrate. What was the fault of Robert Montgomery? It certainly did not lie in the adulation he received; that was the fault of those who paid it. It lay simply and wholly in the publication of bad poems. And chiefly of the first bad poem; for when public praise told him his lines were good, and enabled him to go to Oxford for education with the proceeds, it was surely a most venial act on his part to give way to the soft illusion, and again and again to repeat the operation. His sin, then, was in giving a bad poem to the world. For this sin he was, as Scott says, "sair mashackered and misguggled" by the reviewer. But the very offence, so mercilessly punished by Macaulay the author, was habitually favored and promoted by Macaulay the man. See his journal (in or about 1856, ii. 413): —

I sent some money to Miss —, a middling writer, whom I relieved some time ago . . . Mrs. — again. I will send her five pounds more. This will make fifty pounds in a few months to a bad writer whom I never saw . . . If the author of — is really in distress I would gladly assist him, though I am no admirer of his poetry.

* Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio."

There is no way of promoting the publication of bad books so effectual as that of giving subsidies to those who mistake their vocation in becoming and continuing bad authors.

There is, indeed, one patent, and we might almost say lamentable void in the generally engaging picture which the "Life of Macaulay" has presented to us. We see his many virtues, his deep affections, his sound principles of civil, social, and domestic action in full play; nor is there anywhere found, or even suggested, a negation of those great principles of belief, which establish a direct personal relation between the human soul and its Creator, and an harmonious continuity between our present stage of destiny and that which is to succeed it in the world to come. Mr. Trevelyan has noticed his habitual reserve on subjects of religion; a habit perhaps first contracted in self-defence against the rather worrying methods of his excellent, but not sympathetic, nor always judicious father. He speaks of Bacon's belief of revelation, in words which appear to imply that the want of it would have been a reproach or a calamity; and, when challenged as to his own convictions before the constituency of Leeds, he went as far, in simply declaring himself to be a Christian, as the self-respect and delicacy of an honorable and independent mind could on such an occasion permit. He nowhere retracts what is thus stated or suggested. Much may be set down to the reserve which he commonly maintained on this class of subjects; but there are passages which suggest a doubt whether he had completely wrought the Christian dogma, with all its consolations and its lessons, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and of delight which so many have found, and will ever find, in it. At the same time, with a sigh for what we have not, we must be thankful for what we have, and leave to One, wiser than ourselves, the deeper problems of the human soul and of its discipline.

We are free, however, to challenge outright the declaration of Mr. Trevelyan, that his uncle had a decided and strong taste for theology. "He had a strong and enduring predilection for religious speculation and controversy, and was widely and profoundly read in ecclesiastical history" (ii. 462). For all controversy, and for all speculation which partook of controversy, he manifestly had not a sour or querulous, but a genial and hearty love. And again, as respects ecclesiastical history, in many

of its phases it constitutes a part, and a leading part, of the history of the world. What records the origin of the wars of the Investitures, the League, and the Thirty Years, could not be foreign to the mind and eyes of Macaulay. But very large tracts of Church history lie outside the currents of contemporary events, though they involve profoundly the thoughts and feelings, the training and the destiny of individual men. Of all these it would be hard to show that he had taken any serious account at all. It must be admitted, indeed, that no department of human records has on the whole profited so little as Church history by the charms, perhaps even by the methods, of literary art; but Macaulay, if he had desired to get at the kernel, was not the man to be repelled by the uncouth rudeness of the shell. As respects theology, the ten volumes of his published works do nothing to bear out the assertion of Mr. Trevelyan. We have ourselves heard him assert a paradox which common sense and established opinion alike reject, that the theology of the Seventeenth Article was the same as that of the portentous code framed at Lambeth about the close of the sixteenth century. A proof yet more conclusive of a mind, in which the theological sense had never been trained or developed, is supplied by his own contemptuous language respecting a treatise which has ever been regarded as among the gems of Christian literature. "I have read Augustine's 'Confessions.' The book is not without interest. But he expresses himself in the style of a field preacher" (i. 465).

And again, he rather contemptuously classes the great Father with the common herd of those who record their confessions, or, in the cant phrase, their experience. He had indeed no admiration, and but little indulgence, for any of these introspective productions. They lay in a region which he did not frequent; and yet they are among not only the realities, but the deepest and most determining realities, of our nature. We reckon his low estimate of this inward work as betokening the insufficient development of his own powerful mind in that direction.

It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay, as a writer, was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As, fifty years ago, the inscription "Bath" used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word "English" is as it were in the water-mark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United

Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain, though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through the signal virtues, the victorious labors, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary. His country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship, which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age. The higher energies of his life were as completely summed up in the present, as those of Walter Scott were projected upon the past. He would not have filled an Abbotsford with armor and relics of the Middle Ages. He judges the men and institutions and events of other times by the instruments and measures of the present. The characters whom he admires are those who would have conformed to the type that was before his eyes, who would have moved with effect in the court, the camp, the senate, the drawing-room of to-day. He contemplates the past with no *desiderium*, no regretful longing, no sense of things admirable, which are also lost and irrecoverable. Upon this limitation of his retrospects it follows in natural sequence that of the future he has no glowing anticipations, and even the present he is not apt to contemplate in its mysterious and ideal side. As in respect to his personal capacity of loving, so in regard to the corresponding literary power. The faculty was singularly intense, and yet it was spent within a narrow circle. There is a marked sign of this narrowness in his disinclination even to look at the works of contemporaries whose tone or manner he disliked. It appears that this dislike, and the ignorance consequent upon it, applied to the works of Carlyle. Now we may have little faith in Carlyle as a philosopher or as an historian. Half-lights and half-truths may be the utmost which in these departments his works will be found to yield. But the total want of sympathy is the more note worthy, because the resemblances, though partial, are both numerous and substantial between these two remarkable men and powerful writers, as well in their strength as in their weakness. Both are honest, and both, notwithstanding honesty, are partisans. Each is vastly, though diversely, powerful in expression; and each is more powerful in expression than in thought. Both are, though variously, poets in prose. Both have the power of portraiture, extraordinary for vividness

and strength. For comprehensive disquisition, for balanced and impartial judgments, the world will probably resort to neither; and if Carlyle gains on the comparison in his strong sense of the inward and the ideal, he loses in the absolute and violent character of his onesidedness. Without doubt, Carlyle's licentious, though striking, peculiarities of style have been of a nature allowably to repel, so far as they go, one who was so rigid as Macaulay in his literary orthodoxy, and who so highly appreciated, and with such expenditure of labor, all that relates to the exterior or body of a book. Still if there be resemblances so strong, the want of appreciation, which has possibly been reciprocal, seems to be of that nature which Aristotle would have explained by his favorite proverb: *κεραυνός κεραυνεῖ*. The discrepancy is like the discrepancy of colors that are too near. Carlyle is at least a great fact in the literature of his time, and has contributed largely, in some respects too largely, towards forming its characteristic habits of thought. But on these very grounds he should not have been excluded from the horizon of a mind like Macaulay's, with all its large, and varied, and most active interests.

His early training, and consequently the cast of his early opinions, was conservative. But these views did not survive his career at Cambridge as an undergraduate. No details are given, but we hear that, during that period, Mr. Charles Austin effected, it would seem with facility, the work of his conversion (i. 76). He supplied an example rather rare of one who, not having been a Whig by birth, became one, and thereafter constantly presented the aspect of that well-marked class of politicians. *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*; and so as a rule a man not born a Liberal, may become a Liberal; but to be a Whig, he must be a born Whig. At any rate Macaulay offers to our view one of the most enviable qualities characteristic of that "variety" of the Liberal "species"—a singularly large measure of consistency. In this he will bear comparison with Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grey; but in proportion as the pressure of events is sharper on a commoner than on a peer, so the phenomenon of consistency is more remarkable. And the feature belongs to his mental character at large. It would be difficult to point out any great and signal change of views on any important subject between the beginning of his full manhood, and the close of his career. His life is like a great volume; the sheets are

of one size, type, and paper. Here again Macaulay becomes for us a typical man, and suggests the question whether the conditions of our nature will permit so close and sustained an unity to be had without some sacrifice of expansion. The feature is rendered in his case more noteworthy by the fact that all his life long, with an insatiable avidity, he was taking in whole cargoes of knowledge, and that nothing which he imported into his mind remained there barren and inert. On the other hand, he was perhaps assisted, or, as a censor might call it, manacled, by the perpetual and always living presence in his consciousness, through the enormous tenacity of his memory, of whatever he had himself thought, said, or written at an earlier time. It may even be, as he himself said, that of the whole of this huge mass he had forgotten nothing. It cannot be doubted that he remembered a far larger proportion, than did other men who had ten or twenty times less to remember. And there was this peculiarity in his recollections; they were not, like those of ordinary men, attended at times with difficulty, elicited from the recesses of the brain by effort. He was alike favored in the quantity of what he possessed, and in the free and immediate command of his possessions. The effect was most singular. He was (as has been variously shown) often inaccurate: he was seldom, perhaps never, inconsistent. He remembered his own knowledge, in the modern phrase his own concepts, better than he retained, if indeed he ever had embraced, the true sense of the authorities on which these "concepts" were originally framed. In the initial work of collection, he was often misled by fancy or by prejudice; but in the after work of recollection, he kept faithfully, and never failed to grasp at a moment's notice, the images which the tablets of his brain, so susceptible and so tenacious, had once received. *Diu servavit odorem.* Among Macaulay's mental gifts and habits, it was perhaps this vast memory by which he was most conspicuously known. There was here even a waste of power. His mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor even seemed to feel the burden. Peerless treasures lay there, mixed, yet never confounded, with worthless trash. This was not the only peculiarity of the wondrous organ.

There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who, without equaling, have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly

exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections. And yet not in accuracy as to dates, or names, or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was one simply between aye and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of kings, or popes, or senior wranglers, or prime ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall, or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order; recollections for example of character, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth "was unto him an occasion of falling." And that in two ways. First the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colors it supplied the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, or the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin. But it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character, and even the adulteries, of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others; he probably suspected it in himself; but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as an historian, on which much has been, and probably much more will be, said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest, as well as the most precious, of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This during his lifetime was the belief of his friends, but was

hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth; but, of course, for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was colored from within. This color, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordent; it was a fast color; he could not distinguish between what his mind had received and what his mind had imparted. Hence when he was wrong, he could not see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not the heart, there can hardly be a greater. The hope of amending is, after all, our very best and brightest hope; of amending our works as well as ourselves. Without it, we are forbidden *revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras*, when we have accidentally, as is the way with men, slipped into Avernus. While, as to his authorship, Macaulay was incessantly laboring to improve, in the substance of what he had written he could neither himself detect his errors, nor could he perceive them when they were pointed out. There was a strange contrast between his own confidence in what he said, and his misgivings about his manner of saying it. Woe to him, he says of his "History," if some one should review him as he could review another man. He had, and could not but have, the sense of his own scarifying and tomahawking power, and would, we firmly believe, not have resented its use against himself. "I see every day more and more clearly how far my performance is below excellence" (ii. 232). "When I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed." It was only on comparing it with concrete examples that he felt reassured (*ibid.*). He never so conclusively proved himself to be a true artist, as in this dissatisfaction with the products of his art because they fell below his ideal; that will-o'-the-wisp who, like the fabled sprite, ever stirs pursuit, and ever baffles it, but who, unlike that imp, rewards with large, even if unsatisfying, results every step of real progress. But it is quite plain that all this dissatisfaction had reference to the form, not the matter, of his works. Unhappily, he never so much as glances at any general or serious fear lest he should have mistaken the nature or proportions of events, or, what is, perhaps, still more serious, lest he should have done injustice to characters; although he must have well known that injustice from his *χειρ πάνευα*, his great, massive hand, was a thing so crushing

and so terrible. Hence what is at first sight a strange contrast — his insensibility to censure in the forum, his uneasiness in the study; his constant repulsion of the censure of others; his not less constant misgiving, nay censure on himself. In a debased form this phenomenon is, indeed, common, nay, the commonest of all. But he was no Sir Fretful Plagiary, to press for criticism, and then, in wrath and agony, to damn the critic. The explanation is simple. He criticised what men approved; he approved what they criticised. His style, unless when in some very rare cases it was wrought up to palpable excess,* no one attempted to criticise. It was felt to be a thing above the heads of common mortals. But this it was which he watched with an incessant, a passionate, and a jealous care, the care of a fond parent, if not of a lover; of a parent fond, but not doting, who never spared the rod, that he might not spoil the child. Of his matter, his mode of dealing with the substance of men and things, by the constitution of his mind he was blind to the defects. As other men do in yet higher and more inward regions of their being, he missed the view of his own besetting sin.

However true it may be that Macaulay was a far more consummate workman in the manner than in the matter of his works, we do not doubt that the works contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame, and solid expositions of principle, social, moral, and constitutional. They are pervaded by a generous love of liberty, and their atmosphere is pure and bracing, their general aim and basis morally sound. Of the qualifications of this eulogy we have spoken, and have yet to speak. But we can speak of the style of the works with little qualification. We do not, indeed, venture to assert that his style ought to be imitated. Yet this is not because it was vicious, but because it was individual and incommunicable. It was one of those gifts, of which, when it had been conferred, nature broke the mould. That it is the head of all literary styles we do not allege; but it is different from them all, and perhaps more different from them all than they are usually different from one another. We speak only of natural styles, of styles where the manner waits upon the matter, and not where an artificial structure has

* We may take the liberty, after the lapse of more than eight years, of pointing to a successful parody in the number of this review for April, 1868, p. 300.

been reared either to hide or to make up for poverty of substance. It is paramount in the union of ease in movement with perspicuity of matter, of both with real splendor, and of all with immense rapidity, and striking force. From any other pen, such masses of ornament would be tawdry; with him they are only rich. As a model of art concealing art, the finest cabinet pictures of Holland are almost his only rivals. Like Pascal, he makes the heaviest subject light; like Burke, he embellishes the barrenest. When he walks over arid plains, the springs of milk and honey, as in a march of Bacchus, seem to rise beneath his tread. The repast he serves is always sumptuous, but it seems to create an appetite proportioned to its abundance; for who has ever heard of the reader that was cloyed with Macaulay? In none, perhaps, of our prose writers are lessons, such as he gives, of truth and beauty, of virtue and of freedom, so vividly associated with delight. Could some magician but do for the career of life what he has done for the armchair and the study, what a change would pass on the face (at least) of the world we live in, what an accession of recruits would there be to the professing followers of virtue!

As the serious flaw in Macaulay's mind was want of depth, so the central defect with which his productions appear to be chargeable is a pervading strain of exaggeration. He belonged to that class of minds, whose views of single objects are singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But Nature sows her bounty wide; and those, who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient beyond ordinary men in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence, amidst a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth. Themselves knowing nothing of difficulty, or of obscurity, or mental struggle to work out of it, they are liable to be intolerant of those who stumble at the impediments they have overleapt; and even the kindest hearts may be led not merely by the abundance, but by the peculiarities, of their powers, into the most precipitate and partial judgments. From this result Macaulay has not been preserved; and we are convinced that the charges against him would have been multiplied tenfold, had not the exuberant kindness of his

heart oftentimes done for him the office of a cautious and self-denying intellect.

Minds of the class to which we refer are like the bodies in the outer world fashioned without gaps or flaws or angles; the whole outline of their formation is continuous, the whole surface is smooth. They are, in this sense, complete men, and they do not readily comprehend those who are incomplete. They do not readily understand either the inferiority, or the superiority, of opponents; the inferiority of their slower sight, or the superiority of their deeper insight; their at once seeing less, and seeing more. In Macaulay's case this defect could not but be enhanced by his living habitually with men of congenial mind, and his comparatively limited acquaintance with that contentious world of practical politics which, like the heaviest wrestling-match for the body, exhibits the unlimited diversities in the attitudes of the human mind, and helps to show how subtle and manifold a thing is the nature that we bear. Parliament could not but have opened out in one direction a new avenue of knowledge for Macaulay; but we do not agree with Mr. Trevelyan in thinking that the comparatively few hours he spent there, most commonly with his thoughts ranging far abroad, could have largely entered into, or perceptibly modified, the habits of his mind.

The very common association between seeing clearly and seeing narrowly is a law or a frailty of our nature not enough understood. Paley was perhaps the most notable instance of it among our writers. Among living politicians, it would be easy to point to very conspicuous instances. This habit of mind is extremely attractive, in that it makes incisive speakers and pell-mell writers, who respectively save their hearers and their readers trouble. Its natural tendency is towards hopeless intolerance; it makes all hesitation, all misgiving, all suspense, an infirmity, or a treachery to truth; it generates an appetite for intellectual butchery. There was no man in whom the fault would have been more excusable than in Macaulay; for while with him the clearness was almost preterhuman, the narrowness was, after all, but qualified and relative. The tendency was almost uniformly controlled by the kindly nature and genuine chivalry of the man; so that even, in some of his scathing criticisms, he seems to have a real delight in such countervailing compliments as he bestows: while in conversation, where he was always copious, sometimes redundant, more overbearing, the

mischief was effectually neutralized by the strength and abundance of his social sympathies. Yet he exhibited on some occasions a more than ordinary defect in the mental faculty of appreciating opponents. He did not fully take the measure of those from whom he differed, in the things wherein he differed. There is, for example, a Parliamentary tradition sufficiently well established* that Croker assailed, and assailed on the instant, some of Macaulay's celebrated speeches on Reform with signal talent, and with no inconsiderable effect. But he never mentions Croker except with an aversion which may be partially understood, and also with a contempt which it is not so easy to account for. It is common to misunderstand the acts of an adversary, and even to depreciate his motives; but Macaulay cannot even acknowledge the strength of his arm. It is yet more to be lamented that, in this instance, he carried the passions of politics into the Elysian fields of literature: and that the scales in which he tried the merits of Croker's edition of "Boswell" seem to have been weighted, on the descending side, with his recollections of Parliamentary collision. But the controversy relating to this work is too important to be dismissed with a passing notice; † for what touches Boswell touches Johnson, and what touches Johnson touches a large and immortal chapter of our English tradition. This is the most glaring instance. There are many others. His estimate of Lord Derby is absurdly low. He hardly mentions Peel during his lifetime except with an extreme severity; and even on the sad occasion of his death, although he speaks kindly of the "poor fellow" (ii. 278), and cries for his death, he does not supply a single touch of appreciation for his great qualities. Yet Sir Robert Peel, if on rare occasions he possibly fell short in considerateness to friends, was eagerly generous to an opponent like Macaulay, during the struggle on Reform (i. 172), and again in 1841 (ii. 135). Peel moreover had for four years

before his decease, from his dread of a possible struggle for the revival of protective duties, been the main prop of the government which had all the sympathies of Macaulay. There is something yet more marked in the case of Brougham, who is said to have shown towards him in early life a jealousy not generous or worthy. In 1858, at a period when Brougham's character was greatly mellowed and softened, and he had discharged almost all his antipathies, Macaulay writes of him, "Strange fellow! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle." At this point only, in the wide circuit of Macaulay's recorded words or acts, do we seem to find evidence of a moral defect. Under the semblance of a homage to justice, he seems to have been occasionally seduced into the indulgence of a measure of vindictive feeling.

The combination of great knowledge, great diligence, great powers of appreciation, and great uprightness and kindness of mind with a constant tendency to exaggerate, with unjust and hasty judgments, and with a nearly uniform refusal to accept correction, offers a riddle not unknown on a smaller scale in smaller men, but here of peculiar interest, because, though Macaulay's kind may not have been the greatest, he was, in his kind, so singularly great. The solution of it seems to lie in this: that, with a breathless rapidity, he filled in his picture before his outline was complete, and then with an extreme of confidence he supplied the color from his own mind and prepossessions, instead of submitting to take them from his theme. Thus each subject that he treated of became, as has been observed, mirror which reflected the image of himself. The worshipping estimate, which Mr. John Stuart Mill formed of his wife's powers, was unintelligible to those who had known her, until it was remembered that she was simply the echo of his own voice. She repeated to him his own thoughts and his own conclusions; and he took them, when they proceeded from her lips, for the independent oracles of truth. The echo of himself, which Mill found in his wife, was provided for Macaulay in his own literary creations; and what he thought was loyal adhesion to the true and right was only the more and more close embrace of the image he himself had fashioned and adored.

All this, however, is not to be taken for granted. We shall support it by reference to the works of those who we think have supplied the proof, and shall likewise

* In the valuable biography of Lord Althorp which has just appeared, it is said that Croker attempted a reply to Macaulay, on the second reading of the second bill, in a speech of two hours and a half, which utterly failed (p. 383). It is not common to make (apparently off-hand) a reply of two hours and a half upon historical details without the possession of rather remarkable faculties. But this volume, though from the opposite camp, bears witness to Croker's powers: it mentions at p. 400 "a most able and argumentative speech of Croker," and other living witnesses, of Liberal opinions, might be cited to a like effect. This subject is discussed more fully on pages 83-126 of our present number.

† See *infra*, Art. III.

proceed to add some illustrations in detail.

For his own eye, the ornaments of his essay on Milton were so soon as in 1843 gaudy and ungraceful, while for the world they were only rich, dazzling, or at most profuse. As he writes in that year, it contains "scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves" ("Essays," preface). But there is no misgiving as to the substance of the essay; and even with regard to his articles on James Mill, which he had dropped on special grounds, he was not "disposed to retract a single doctrine which they contain."* If it be thought unfair or misleading to scrutinize closely a production which, while so wonderful, is likewise so youthful as the essay on Milton, we reply that we examine it for the following reason; because it was the work over which he cast the longest retrospect, and yet this retrospect did not suggest even so much as a qualification, however general, of the opinions it conveyed. We must observe, however, that in the case of Macaulay general qualification would be nearly useless. The least we could have craved of his repentance, had he repented, would have been that the peccant passages should be obelized. For in all his works, the sound and the unsound parts are closely dovetailed; his *series juncturaque*, his arrangement and his transitions, are perfect; the assertions are everywhere alike fearless, the illustrations alike happy; and the vision of the ordinary reader has scarcely a chance of distinguishing between truth and error, where all is bathed, and lost, in one overpowering blaze and flood of light. We might as well attempt to detect, with the naked eye, the spots in the sun.

The essay combines in one view the works, the opinions, and the character of Milton; and it may perhaps be pronounced at once the most gorgeous and the most highfown panegyric to be found anywhere in print. It describes Milton ("Essays," i. 4) as the martyr of English liberty; seemingly for no other reason than that in later life the course of public affairs was not to his mind. Deeply dyed with regicide, he was justly and wisely spared; and he suffered no molestation from those whom, the first day he had got the power, he would not have lost a moment in molesting. Macaulay scoffs at the idea that Charles I. was a martyr to religion; but religion had manifestly something to do

with his end, and his title to the name is sounder than Milton's at least in this, that his head was actually cut off.

Milton took (says the great reviewer, p. 30) in politics the part to be expected from his high spirit and his great intellect; for he lived "at the very crisis of the conflict between Oromades and Ahriman," when the mighty principles of liberty were exhibited in the form of a battle between the principle of good and the principle of evil. Such is Macaulay's trenchant view of the character and merits of the great and mixed conflict known by the name of the Great Rebellion. In what strange contrast does it stand with that of another writer, his contemporary and his friend, not less truly nor less heartily a lover of freedom than himself. Let those who prefer a temperate to a torrid zone, pass from these burning utterances to Mr. Hallam's discussion, in his eleventh chapter, of the respective claims and merits of the two parties to the war. In a statement, than which perhaps the whole compass of history does not contain a finer example of searching scrutiny together with judicial temper, he arrives at the conclusion that the war was opened in 1642 "with evil auspices, with much peril of despotism on the one hand, with more of anarchy on the other."*

Referring to the (then) recently published work of Milton on "Christian Doctrine," Macaulay observes, "Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy." At this amazement he is himself amazed; and with a cursory remark he passes lightly on. As regards his Arianism, we could not reasonably have expected more. That, after all, touches only dogma; and though dogma be the foundation stone of Christianity, still, like other foundation stones, it is out of sight. But the "theory of polygamy" which, as the essayist observes, Milton did something to illustrate in his life, ought surely to have made him "think thrice" before he proceeded to assure us that Milton's conception of love had not only "all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem," and not only "all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament," but "all the pure and quiet affection of our English fireside" (p. 29).

It is especially to be borne in mind that Milton's advocacy of this detestable and degrading institution is not either casual

* Preface to "Essays," republished in 1843.

* Constitutional History (4to.), i. 615.

or half-hearted. "So far," he says himself, "is the question respecting the lawfulness of polygamy from being a trivial, that it is of the highest importance it should be decided." * He then discusses it at such length, and with such care, that it may fairly be termed a treatise within a treatise. It is not necessary to cite more than a few short references. "With regard to the passage, 'they twain' . . . 'shall be one flesh' . . . if a man has many wives, the relation which he bears to each will not be less perfect in itself, nor will the husband be less one flesh with each of them, than if he had only one wife." † "He who puts away his wife, and marries another, is not said to commit adultery because he marries another, but because, in consequence of his marriage with another, he does not retain his former wife." ‡ "If, then, polygamy be marriage properly so called, it is also lawful and honorable, according to the same apostle: marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled." § Nor was his system incomplete. The liberty of plurality, with which it begins, is capped at the other end by an equally large liberty of divorce. The *porneia*, for which (he says) a wife may be put away, includes (according to him) "any notable disobedience or intractable carriage of the wife to the husband," "any point of willworship," "any withdrawing from that nearness of zeal and confidence which ought to be." "So that there will be no cause to vary from the general consent of exposition, which gives us freely that God permitted divorce, for *whatever was unalterably distasteful, whether in body or mind.*" || We must remember also that when we censure the men of that period for their intolerance with respect to religion, witchcraft, and the like, we censure them for what in substance they had inherited from their fathers through many generations, and that from such ties of hampering tradition the extrication must needs be slow. But in this matter of polygamy, Milton deliberately rejected the authority, not only of Scripture, and not only of all Christian, but of all European civilization, and strove to bring among us, from out of Asiatic sensuality and corruption, a practice which, more directly than any other social custom, strikes at the heart of our religion as a system designed to reform the manners of the world.

* Milton on "Christian Doctrine" (Sumner's translation), p. 232.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., p. 237.

§ Ibid., p. 241.

|| "Tetrachordon," Works (Ed. 1753), i. 279, 304.

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It seems impossible to deny that this is one of the cases in which the debasement of the opinion largely detracts from the elevation of the man. Yet the idolatry of his reviewer in summing up his character ("Essays," i. 55) can only see just what he likes to see; and he finds that, from every source and quarter, "his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled"! If ever there was an instance in which close and cautious discrimination is demanded from a critic, it is the case of Milton. For never perhaps so conspicuously as in him were splendid genius, high and varied accomplishment, large appreciation of mankind and life, exquisite refinement, deep affection, and soaring aspiration conjoined, we cannot say united, with a fierceness of opinion and language that belongs to barbarism, with a rejection of the authority of world-wide consent such as only the most irrefective ignorance could palliate, with a violence of prejudice which sometimes drove him to conclusions worthy only of senility, and with conceptions as to the character and office of Christian women, and the laws and institutions affecting them, which descend below historic heathenism, and approximate even to brutality.

Twelve years after the essay on Milton, another and yet more elaborate effort was applied, we can hardly say dedicated, to the character and philosophy of Bacon. The philosophy was set upon a pinnacle, the character trampled in the mire; while the intellectual faculties of that nearly universal genius were highly appreciated and powerfully set forth. We have in this essay, with an undiminished splendor, also an undiminished tendency to precipitancy and to exaggeration; though they are no longer engaged in the worship of a fond idolatry, but working with energy on the side of censure as well as on that of praise.

Into the controversies relating to the life and character of Bacon we do not propose to enter in detail. Of all the cases in which there has been a call for champions to confront the powerful rush of the assailant, this has been the most adequately met. Whewell records his feelings of "indignation at the popular misrepresentations of Bacon's character, and the levity with which each succeeding writer aggravates them." * We may

* Whewell's "Writings and Letters," ii. 380.

specify Mr. Paget, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and in a peculiar fashion Dr. Abbott, as vindicators of Bacon; but the greatest importance attaches to the life-long labors of Ellis, now deceased, and of Spedding, still happily preserved to English literature. As regards the impeachment of Bacon, if taken alone, it may establish no more against him than that, amidst the multitude of engrossing calls upon his mind, he did not extricate himself from the meshes of a practice full of danger and of mischief, but in which the dividing lines of absolute right and wrong had not then been sharply marked. Hapless is he on whose head the world discharges the vials of its angry virtue; and such is commonly the case with the last and detected usufructuary of a golden abuse which has outlived its time. In such cases, posterity may safely exercise its royal prerogative of mercy. The wider question is whether, in a list of instances which Macaulay blazoned on his pages, most of all in that of Essex, Bacon did, or did not, exhibit an almost immeasurable weakness, sordidness, and capacity of baseness in his moral character. The question is one of wide interest to the moralist and psychologist, and to England, and even mankind at large. To us the victory seems to lie with the advocates for the defence; the judgments of Macaulay we deem harsh, and his examination superficial. But we would not tempt the reader to rely upon this opinion, since he has at hand ample and varied materials for the formation of his judgment. With regard to the speculative life of Bacon we shall not be quite so abstinent.

Macaulay's account of the Baconian philosophy is as follows. After stating that from the day of his death "his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive," the illustrious essayist proceeds to say that the philosopher "aimed at things altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves;" at a new "*finis scientiarum*." "His end was in his own language 'fruit,' the relief of man's estate;" * "commodis humanis inservire;" † "dotare vitam humanam novis inventis et copiis." ‡ Two words form its key, "utility and progress." Seneca had taught the exact reverse. "The object of the lessons of philosophy is to form the soul." "Non

est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex." The Baconian philosophy strikes away the *non*. "If we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker, and the author of the three books on 'Anger,' we pronounce for the shoemaker:" so says the essayist. From this peculiarity of the Baconian philosophy, "all its other peculiarities directly and almost necessarily sprang." And Seneca is a type of what was both before and after. Socrates and Plato (but where we would ask is Aristotle?) produced flowers and leaves, not fruits. Accordingly, "we are forced to say with Bacon that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation; that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive-ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles, from which those, who lost themselves in it, brought back many scratches and no fruit" (p. 378). The powers of these men were "systematically misdirected." The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. He then enumerates, among the subjects which that philosophy handled, the following heads: "what is the highest good; whether pain be an evil; whether all things be fated; whether we can be certain of anything; whether a wise man can be unhappy." These questions he next compares to the Bigendian and Littledian controversies in Gulliver, and he gravely pronounces that such disputes "could add nothing to the stock of knowledge," that they accumulated nothing, and transmitted nothing. "There had been plenty of ploughing, harrowing, reaping, and thrashing. But the garners contained only smut and stubble" (p. 380).

At this point we must in fairness allow the reader to pause and ask himself two questions: first, whether in what he has read he is to believe the witness of his own eyes, and secondly, after due rubbing and ruminating, whether Bacon is really responsible for these astounding doctrines? Unfortunately Macaulay has a contempt for Saint Augustine, and therefore we may make an appeal that would in his view be vain, if we observe that that great intellect and heart has left upon record in his works an acknowledgment in terms superlative, if not extravagant, of the value as well as the vast power of the works of Plato; the "godly Plato," as Alexander Barclay calls him. Something more we may hope to effect, since Macaulay not only admired but almost worshipped Dante, if we plead that the intellect of that extraordinary man was trained under Aristotelian influences, and imbued, nay sat-

* Adv. of Learning, book i.

† *De Augm.*, vii. 1.

‡ *Nov. Org.*, i., aph. 81. (Also cites *De Augm.*, "Essays," ii. 373 seqq., 9th edit.; ii. 2, and *Cogitata et Visa*.)

urated, with Aristotelian doctrines. But if we plead for the persons, much more must we contend for the subjects. Can it really be that, in this nineteenth century, the writer who, as Mr. Trevelyan truly says, teaches men by millions, has gravely taught them that the study of the nature of good, of the end for which we live, of the discipline of pain, of the mastery to be gained over it by wisdom, of the character and limits of human knowledge, is a systematic misdirection of the mind, a course of effort doomed beforehand to eternal barrenness, a sowing of seed that is to produce only smut and stubble?

From this strange bewilderment, and this ganglion of errors, even his own Milton might have saved him, who says of his lost angels, "on a hill retired,"—

Of good and evil much they argued them,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame.

And then, as if from between narrowing defiles of Puritanism which left him but a strip of sky and light, condemns their high themes and thoughts —

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy;
but yet he cannot help emerging a little;
and he adds, —

Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
*With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.**

Having disposed of the Greek and Roman philosophers, the essayist finds, as might be expected, still less difficulty in "settling the hash" of the schoolmen, to whom the more cautious intellects of Mackintosh and Milman have done another kind of justice; and at length we have the summary, p. 383: "Words, and more words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations." But the new epoch had arrived, and the new system.

Its object was the good of mankind, in the sense in which the mass of mankind always have understood, and always will understand, the word "good." "Meditor," said Bacon, "*instauracionem philosophia ejusmodi qua nihil inanis aut abstracti habeat, quæque vita manuæ conditiones in melius provehat.*"†

To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable.

As if Bacon had been an upholsterer, or

the shoemaker whom Macaulay says, if driven to choose, he would prefer to the philosopher. So, if driven to choose for food between the moon and the green cheese of which in the popular saying it is supposed to be made, we should unquestionably choose the green cheese. But we could never be so driven: because the objects of choice supposed to compete are not *in pari materia*. Nor are the shoemaker and the philosopher: there is no reason why we should not have both — the practitioner in useful arts, and the man meditative of the high subjects of human thought; mind, destiny, and conduct. The imagined opposition is a pure figment; a case of "words and more words, and nothing but words," if not, indeed, of "smut and stubble."

The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but, from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted, was liable, more than most of us, to be run away with. His merit is, that he could keep his seat in such a steeplechase: but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences, needful to secure to labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of color, such the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that, when hot upon his work, he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact and the laws of moderation: he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preter-human vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away from the ranges of his vision.

We presume it cannot be doubted that

* *Paradise Lost*, ii. 512.

† *Redargutio Philosophiarum*.

Bacon found philosophy had flown too high ; had been too neglectful both of humble methods, and of what are commonly termed useful aims. What he deemed of himself is one thing : what we are now to deem of him is another. And we believe the true opinion to be that Bacon introduced into philosophy no revolutionary principle or power, either as to aims or as to means ; but that he helped to bring about important modifications of degree. To the bow, bent too far in one direction, he gave a strong wrench in the other. He did much to discourage the arbitrary and excessive use of *a priori* and deductive methods, and, though he is thought himself to have effected nothing in physical science, largely contributed to open the road which others have trodden with such excellent effect. But the ideas imperfectly expressed in these sentences were far too homely to carry the blaze of color and of gilding, which Macaulay was required by the constitution of his mind to lay on any objects he was to handle with effect. Hence the really outrageous exaggerations (for in this case we cannot call them less), of which we have given the sum. But, after writing in that strain for twenty-five or thirty pages, at length his hippocriff alights on *terra firma* ; and he tells us with perfect *naïveté* (p. 403) that Bacon's philosophy was no less a moral than a natural philosophy, and that, though his illustrations are drawn from physical science, his principles "are just as applicable to ethical and political inquiries as to inquiries into the nature of heat and vegetation." Very good : but, then, why the long series of spurious, as well as needless, contrasts between the useful and the true, between the world of mind and the world of matter, between the good on which philosophers have speculated and the good which the masses of mankind always have sought, and always will ; and why, in order that Lord Macaulay may write a given number of telling sentences and fascinating pages, is Bacon to be made responsible for a series of extravagances which with his mind, not less rational than powerful, not less balanced than broad, we are persuaded that he would have abhorred ?

We shall not attempt any more precise appreciation of the philosophy of this extraordinary man. Of all English writers, until Germany cast the eye of patient study upon Shakespeare, he has enjoyed, perhaps, the largest share of European attention, as in his speculations he touched physics with one hand, and the unseen

world with the other. There has, however, been much doubt, and much difference of opinion, as to the exact place which is due to him in the history of science and philosophy. So far as we can gather, a sober estimate prevails. De Maistre has, indeed, in a work on the subject of Bacon and his philosophy, degraded him to the rank of something very near a charlatan ; and, with reference to his character as a forerunner and torch-bearer on the paths of science, asserts that Newton was not even acquainted with his works. We do not suppose that any mere invectives of so inveterate a partisan will sensibly affect the judgment of the world. But writers of a very different stamp have not been wanting to point out that Bacon's own writings partake of prejudice and passion. Mr. Stanley Jevons, for example, in his able work on "The Principles of Science,"* animadverts on his undue disparagement of philosophic anticipation. Upon the whole, we fear that the coruscations of Lord Macaulay have done but little to assist an impartial inquirer, or to fix the true place of this great man in the historical evolution of modern philosophy.

Those who may at all concur in our comments on Macaulay's besetting dangers, will observe without surprise that, while his excesses in panegyric gave rise to little criticism, the number and vehemence of his assaults drew upon him a host of adversaries. He received their thrusts upon his target as coolly as if they had been Falstaff's men in buckram. We do not regret that he should have enjoyed the comforts of equanimity. But there is something absolutely marvellous in his incapacity to acknowledge force either in the reasonings of opponents, or in those arrays of fact, under which, like battering-rams, so many of his towering structures of allegation were laid level with the ground.

It surely was his profit, had he known :
It would have been his pleasure, had he seen.†

The corrections made in his works were lamentably rare ; the acknowledgments were rarer and feebler still. Nor was this from any want of kindness of heart, as these volumes would of themselves suffice to demonstrate, or from any taint in his love of truth. It was due, we seriously hold, to something like what the theologians call invincible ignorance. The splendid visions which his fancy shaped

* London : Macmillan, 1874.
† Tennyson's "Guinevere."

had taken possession of his mind; they abode there each of them entire in their majesty or beauty; they could only have been dislodged by some opposing spell as potent as his own; they were proof against corrections necessarily given piecemeal, and prepossession prevented him from perceiving the aggregate effect, even when it was most conclusive.

It would be all well, or at least well in comparison, had we only to contemplate this as a case of psychological curiosity. But the mischief is that wrong has been done, and it remains unredressed. In ordinary cases of literary quarrel, assailants and defenders have something not hopelessly removed from equal chances; although as a rule the greater pungency, and less complexity, of attack makes it decidedly more popular and effective than defence, when the merits do not greatly differ. But in this case the inequality was gross, was measureless. For every single ear that was reached by the reply, the indictment, such was Macaulay's monarchy over the world of readers, had sounded in scores or hundreds, or even thousands. The sling and the stone in the hands of half a score of Davids, however doughty, found no way of approach to the forehead of this Goliath, and scarcely whizzed past him in the air.

And yet, among the opposers whom he aroused, there were men who spoke with care, information, or authority: some of them had experience, some had a relative popularity, some had great weight of metal. We have already referred to the champions in the case of Bacon. In relation to Mr. Croker's "Boswell," no less a person than Lockhart — *nomen intra has ades semper venerandum** — confuted and even retorted, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a number of the charges of inaccuracy, and reduced others to insignificance. So far as this instance was concerned, the fame of Boswell's work supplied a criterion which appears decisive of the controversy; for Mr. Croker's edition has been repeatedly republished, and has become classical, although the mere amount of material, extraneous to the text, which it carries, cannot but be deemed a disadvantage. Warren Hastings had not a son; but the heavy charges against Sir Elijah Impey, especially in connection with the condemnation and execution of Nuncomar, brought the son of that judge into the field. Mr. Impey's "Memoirs"†

of his father appear sufficiently to repel these accusations; but the defence is lost in the mazes of a ponderous volume, known perhaps to no more than a few scores of readers, and that imperfectly, while the original accusation circulates, with the other essays, in a Student's Edition, 1 vol.; a People's Edition, 2 vols.; a Cabinet Edition, 4 vols.; a Library Edition, 3 vols.; a Cheap Edition, 1 vol.; and as a separate essay, at 1s.* Who shall rectify or mitigate these fearful odds? With greater power and far greater skill, and with more effect, Mr. Hayward, in this review and elsewhere, cast his shield over Madame Piozzi. Yet the number of persons who have read, without the means of guarding against error, some of the harshest and most gratuitous imputations ever scattered broadcast in the thoughtless wantonness of literary power, must be immensely larger than those who have had the means of estimating the able, and, we apprehend, irrefragable defence.† A remarkable article in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, bearing the initials of a distinguished historian, widens the front of the attack, and severely questions the accuracy of Macaulay's representations in a portion of our annals, where they had hitherto been little sifted.

It was, however, the appearance of the "History," in 1848 and 1855, which roused into activity a host of adverse witnesses. Of these we will give a cursory account. Bishop Phillipps, perhaps the most effective pamphlet-writer of his day, entered into a correspondence with Macaulay, which was afterwards published, chiefly on his grave inaccuracies in relation to Church history. The bishop, a biting controversialist, had, we say advisedly, none of the servility which is sometimes imputed to him; but he was an eminently, perhaps a redundantly, courteous gentleman. We have sincere pleasure in citing a portion of his introductory eulogium, which we feel confident was written with entire sincerity. After some other compliments of a more obvious kind, the bishop proceeds: —

But your highest merit is your unequalled truthfulness. Biassed as you must be by your political creed, your party and connections, it is quite clear that you will never sacrifice the

shall, and Co., 1846, pp. ix. seqq.; chapters iii., iv., ix., xii., and elsewhere.

* From the advertising sheet at the close of the biography.

† *Quarterly Review*, April, 1868, p. 316. Hayward's "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi," 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1861.

* See the inscription under the bust of Wolsey in the quadrangle of Christ Church.

† *Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey*. Simpkin, Mar-

smallest particle of truth to those considerations.*

This correspondence ended as amicably as it began. The bishop obtained a courteous admission "of the propriety of making some alterations." † But they were to be "slight." On the main points the historian's opinion was "unchanged." We will notice but one of them. It has to do with the famous commissions taken out by certain bishops of the sixteenth century, among whom Bonner, under Henry VIII., was one. Macaulay had stated that these documents recognized the crown as the fountain of all episcopal authority without distinction. The bishop pointed out that the authority conveyed by the commissions was expressly stated to be over and above, *præter et ultra ea, quæ tibi, in Sacris Libris, divinitus commissa esse dignoscuntur*. In gallant defiance alike of the grammar and the sense, as will be seen on reference, Macaulay calmly adheres to his opinion.‡ It is hardly too much to say that with so prepossessed a mind, when once committed, argument is powerless and useless.

One able writer, Mr. Paget, in his "New Examen," § took up and dealt with most of the passages of the "History" which had been impugned; nor can we do better than refer the readers to his pages for the defence, against very sweeping and truculent accusations, of Dundee, Marlborough, and William Penn. All these cases are of great interest. In all, the business of defence has been ably, and in most points conclusively, performed. But the rejoinder to the defence is truly formidable. It consists in this, that the charge, without the reply, has been sold probably to the extent of half a million copies, and has been translated (ii. 390) into twelve languages. It would not be possible, without adding too greatly to the number of these pages, to give an outline of the argument on the respective cases. But there is an incident connected with the case of Penn, which we cannot omit to notice. The peaceful society, to which he belonged, does not wholly abjure the practice of self-defence on grave occasions; nor could there be a graver, than when one of the most revered names in its annals had been loaded

* Correspondence between the Bishop of Exeter and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay. London, Murray, 1801, p. 3.

† P. 44.

‡ P. 13.

§ "The New Examen" (reprinted in "Paradoxes and Puzzles.") Blackwood, 1874.

by so commanding an authority with a mass of obloquy.

Lord Macaulay seeks to show that this same William Penn prostituted himself to the meanest wishes of a cruel and profligate court; gloated with delight on the horrors of the scaffold and the stake, was the willing tool of a bloodthirsty and treacherous tyrant, a trafficker in simony and subornation of perjury, a conspirator, seeking to deluge his country in blood, a sycophant, a traitor, and a liar.*

From original sources, Mr. Paget has answered the charges which he has thus emphatically summed up. Mr. Forster, who has since risen to such high distinction in the House of Commons, performed the same duty in a preface to the "Life of Clarkson," afterwards separately republished.† There remains impressed on the mind of that community a sentiment which, even if it be somewhat mellowed by the lapse of nearly thirty years, can still be recognized as one of indignation against what is felt or thought to be literary outrage. That Macaulay should have adhered to his charges with unabated confidence can, after what we have already seen, excite little surprise. But there still remains room for a new access of wonder when we find that he not only remained himself unconverted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers.

February 5, 1849. Lord Shelburn, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough, that he looked worse in my history than he would have done on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candor (ii. 251).

And all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.

We shall trespass on the reader with a rather more detailed examination of a single remaining point, because it has not been touched by any of the vindicators whom we have already named. It is of considerable historic interest and importance; and it illustrates, perhaps more forcibly than any foregoing instance, that particular phenomenon which we believe

* Paget, "New Examen," sect. v. ("Paradoxes and Puzzles," p. 134).

† London, C. Gilpin, 1849.

to be for its magnitude unparalleled in literature, namely, the absence of remedy when a wrong has been done; the utter and measureless disparity between the crushing force of this onslaught, together with its certain and immediate celebrity throughout the whole reading world, and the feeble efforts at resistance which have had nothing adventitious to recommend them. For the style of Macaulay, though a fine and a great, is without doubt a pampering style, and it leaves upon the palate a disrelish for the homely diet of mere truth and sense.

We refer to the celebrated description, which Macaulay has given, of the Anglican clergy of the Restoration period. Few portions of his brilliant work have achieved a more successful notoriety. It may perhaps be said to have been stereotyped in the common English mind. It is in its general result highly disparaging. And yet that generation of clergy was, as we conceive, the most powerful and famous in the annals of the English Church since the Reformation. If we do not include yet earlier times, it is from want of record, rather than from fear of comparison. Perhaps, at the very most, one reader in a thousand could for and by himself correct, qualify, or confute, Macaulay's glittering and most exaggerated description. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine lay wholly at his mercy. We were ourselves at the outset, and we have continued to be among the sturdiest disbelievers. But it will best serve the general purpose of this article if, instead of stating the detailed grounds of our own rebellion, we follow a guide whom we shall afterwards introduce to our readers.

Though it may seem presumptuous, we will boldly challenge the general statement of Macaulay that the reign of Charles II., when the influence of the Church was at its height, was the most immoral in our history. There has been a fashion of indulging in this kind of cant, and that mainly among those who exaggerate the strictness of the Puritan ascendancy which immediately preceded it; as if it were possible for a people, much less for a solid and stable people like the English, thus violently to alter its morality in the space of a few years. It is hard for an individual to descend instantaneously into the lower depths; *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; but for a nation it is impossible. Macaulay has, we are convinced, mistaken the court, the theatre, and the circles connected with them, which may be called metropolitan, for the country at

large. In these, indeed, the number of the dissolute was great, and the prevailing tone was vile. We, who have seen and known what good the example of Victoria and Albert amidst their court did during twenty years for the higher society of our own generation, may well comprehend the force of the converse operation, and rate highly the destructive contagion spread by Charles II. and his associates. But even for the court of Charles II., we appeal from Lord Macaulay to the most recent and able historian of Nonconformity, Dr. Stoughton. From his pages we may perceive that even within that precinct were to be found lives and practices of sanctity no less remarkable than the pollutions with which they were girt about.* We have introduced these preliminary sentences because even now there is, and much more at that time there was, no small degree of connection between the morality of the country, and the piety, honor and efficiency of the clergy. Among the corrupt retainers of the court and theatre, there can be little doubt that they were in contempt. From such a stage as then existed, it would have been too much to ask respect for Jeremy Collier and his order.

We shall take in succession the leading propositions of Macaulay. The Reformation, he says, fundamentally altered the place of the clergyman in society. Six or seven sons of peers at the close of Charles II.'s reign held episcopal or other valuable preferment; but "the clergy were regarded as on the whole a plebeian class; and, indeed, for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants." ("History," i., pp. 325 seqq.)

No doubt the prizes of the Church, as they are called, were fewer and poorer, than they had been before the time of Henry VIII. But more than twice the number of members of noble families stated by Macaulay have been enumerated. This, however, is a secondary error. It is more to the purpose that Eachard, a favorite authority of Macaulay, complains that the gentry as a class made a practice of sending their indifferent and ill-provided children into the ministry. While Archdeacon Oley, who published a preface to Herbert's "Country Parson" in 1675, writes as follows: "Though the vulgar ordinarily do not, yet the nobility and gentry do, distinguish

* Stoughton's "Ecclesiastical History," London, 1867-70. See also the very remarkable "Life of Mrs. Godolphin," *passim*. London, 1847.

and abstract the errors of the man from the holy calling, and not think their dear relations degraded by receiving holy orders."

Wood says, in the "Life of Compton," that holy orders were the readiest way of preferment for the younger sons of noblemen.* And Jeremy Collier is yet more to the point. "As for the gentry, there are not many good families in England, but either have or have had a clergyman in them. In short, the priesthood is the profession of a gentleman."

Here is a flat contradiction to Macaulay, from a man whom he himself declares to be "of high note in ecclesiastical history;" and it is taken from the work on the stage, declared by him to be "a book which threw the whole literary world into commotion, but which is now much less read than it deserves." ("Essays," vol. iii., pp. 298-301.) †

Again, if the clergy were a plebeian class, and nine-tenths of them were menial servants, we must take it for granted that their education was low in proportion. Yet Eachard, on whom Macaulay loves to rely, in his work on the "Contempt of the Clergy," cites as one of the causes of the mischief, that in the grammar schools, where they were educated, they were until sixteen or seventeen kept in pure slavery to a few Latin and Greek words; ‡ the very complaint most rife against Eton and the other public schools during the last fifty years. To make good his view of the ignorance prevailing among the clergy, Macaulay falls foul of the universities. But his favorite, Burnet, writes, "Learning was then high at Oxford" ("Own Time," i., p. 321), and Barrow, a still higher authority, thus addresses an academic audience at Cambridge ("Opusc.," iv. 123, 124): —

Græcos autores omne genus, poetas, philosophos, historicos, scholiastas, quos non ita pridem tanquam barbaros majorum inscitia verita est attingere, iam matris nostræ etiam juniores filii intrepide pervolvunt, ipsorum lectionem in levis negotiis censu reputantes: nec minus promptè Lyceum, aut Academiam adeunt, quam si, remeantibus seculis, cum Platone et Aristotele in mediis Athenis versarentur.

Not a whit better § stand the statements of the historian concerning the marriages of the clergy. "The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service; and it was well" — such is the easy audacity of his

license — "if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favor." Girls of honorable family were enjoined to eschew lovers in orders. Clarendon marks it as a sign of disorder that some "damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines." ("History," i. 328, 329.)

For the extraordinary libel on the purity of the contemporary brides of clergymen, there does not appear to be either the foundation, or even the pretext, of authority. An injunction of Queen Elizabeth in 1559 is cited to prove the vulgarity of clerical marriages one hundred and twenty years afterwards: not to mention that even that injunction appears to be seriously misunderstood. Clarendon's passage refers to "the several sects in religion," and nothing can be more improbable than that, with his views of Church polity, he could by these words intend to designate the Church of England. The divines whom he goes on to mention (early in Charles's reign), are "the divines of the time," and it seems more than probable that he intends by the phrase the non-conforming ministers, not the young men recently ordained, and of the ordinary age for marriage. Besides, even at the present day, a certain inequality would be recognized in the nuptials of women of rank with clergymen of average station and condition. In citing the testimony of plays of the time, Macaulay forgets the preface to one of those he quotes. "For reflecting upon the Church of England . . . no learned or wise divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. . . . A foolish lord, or knight, is daily represented: *nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their order.*" (Preface to Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches.") It may be truly said that instances of good or high marriages, which can easily be supplied, do not prove the case affirmatively. But Pepys speaks of the extreme satisfaction with which he would give his sister to his friend Cumberland, a priest.* Nelson speaks of Bull's marrying a clergyman's daughter with praise, because he preferred piety and virtue to the advantages "which for the most part influence the minds of men upon such occasions."† Herbert warns the clergy against marrying "for beauty, riches, or honor."‡ Beveridge speaks of the same temptation in his own case. Collier § notes as a strange order

* Ath. Ox., ii. 963 (fol. ed.).

† Babington, pp. 18-21.

‡ Contempt, etc., p. 4.

§ Babington, sect. iv., pp. 37-52.

* Diary, iii. 170.

† Life of Bull, p. 44.

‡ Country Parson, chap. ix.

§ On Pride, p. 40.

the injunction of 1559 (already mentioned), that a clergyman should gain the consent of the master or mistress where a damsel served. Every one of these testimonies loses its force and meaning, if Macaulay is otherwise than grossly wrong in his allegation that the clergy were mostly in the state of menial servants, and made corresponding marriages.

Our readers may be already wearied with this series of exposures, and it cannot be necessary to dwell at any length on the incomes of the clergy. It is extremely difficult to compute them in figures; and Macaulay judiciously avoids it. Yet even here he cannot escape from the old taint of exaggeration. "Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably." Ordinarily, therefore, he followed manual employments. On "white days" he fed in the kitchens of the great. "Study was impossible." "His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry." ("History," i. 330.) Now, on the point of manual labor, George Herbert, in the preface to the "Country Parson," expressly says the clergy are censured "because they do not make tents, as Saint Paul did, nor hold the plough, thrash, or drive trades, as themselves do" (*i.e.* laymen). Walker, in the "Sufferings of the Clergy," speaks of it as a special hardship when they are driven to such occupations. Eachard speaks of the extreme poverty of such as had but 20*l.* or 30*l.* per annum, and certifies that there are hundreds of such.* Now, multiplying by four for the then greater power of money, these extreme cases correspond with 80*l.* and 120*l.* at the present day; and there are not only hundreds, but thousands, of our clergy, whose professional incomes do not rise above the higher of the figures. A yet more telling piece of evidence may be had from Walker, who calls a living of 40*l.* or 45*l.* a year small. Such a living corresponds with 160*l.* or 180*l.* at the present time. This is still about the income of a "small living;" and the evidence under this, as well as the other heads, goes to show, in contradiction to Macaulay, that while the absolute clergyman was without doubt much less refined, his social position relatively to the other members of society was in ordinary cases nearly the same as now. Of the aggregate national income, there can, we think, be no doubt that the clerical order had not a smaller but a larger share.

* Contempt, etc., pp. 112-4. Babington, sect. v., pp. 59, 64.

With respect to the children of the clergy, as a general rule, Macaulay's statement (which he does not support by any authority), that the boys followed the plough and the girls went out to service, is no more and no less than a pure fable. It is also unpardonable, because the contemporary or nearly contemporary authorities, who confute it, are not obscure men, but men whose works any writer on the history of the period must or ought to have known; such as George Herbert, in the "Country Parson," Fuller in his "Worthies of England," Beveridge in his "Private Thoughts," Dr. Sprat, afterwards a bishop, preaching upon the sons of the clergy in 1678, and White Kennet in his "Collectanea Curiosa." Only want of space prevents our crowding these pages with citations; and we content ourselves with two passages, each of a few words. The first is from White Kennet, who declares that "many of the *poorer clergy* indulge the inclination of their sons by breeding them to a good competence of school learning," though they are afterwards unable, just as is now the case, to support them at the university, and are in such cases driven to divert them to mean and unsuitable employs.* The second is from Fuller, † who heads one of his sections thus: "That the children of clergymen have been as successful as the sons of men of other professions." Without doubt the difficulties, which press so hardly now upon the clerical order along its lower fringe, pressed in like manner on it then. But Macaulay's description is of the order, not of the lower fringe of it. What would he have said if he had discovered that there was under Charles II., as there has been under the sovereigns of the nineteenth century, a "Poor Pious Clergy Society," which expressly invited, on behalf of the impoverished priesthood, gifts of cast-off clothing?

We then pass on to the libraries of the clergy: "He might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves" (i. 330). If the volumes were dog-eared, it was by being much read. If they were but ten or twelve, there was much to be got out of ten or twelve of the close and solid tomes which then were more customary than now. But then it was only the lucky man who had ten or twelve. Now, let the reader mark how this stands. His favorite Eachard ‡

* Coll. Cur., ii. 304.

† Worthies, i. 78.

‡ Contempt, etc., pp. 106, 7.

describes the case of men having six or seven works which he enumerates, together with a bundle of sermons for their library. For this account he was taken to task by his opponent in the "Vindication." Wherupon, Eachard himself thus replies: "The case is this: whether there may not be here and there a clergyman so ignorant, as that it might be wished that he were wiser. For my own part, I went, and guessed at random, and thought there might be one or so."^{*}

And this *minimum* is transformed by Macaulay's magic wand into a *maximum*, this uncertain exception into the positive and prevailing rule. And here, again, while the solitary prop crumbles into dust, the counter-evidence is abundant. Walker recites the "rabbling" and plunder of clerical libraries of the value of 500*l.* and 600*l.* Saint David's was one of the poorest dioceses of the country; but Nelson † tells us that Bishop Bull considered the reading of the Fathers, "at least of those of the first three centuries," "not only as useful but absolutely necessary to support the character of a priest." Burnet's demands on the clergy in the "Pastoral Care," ‡ seem to be quite as large as a bishop could now venture to put forward; and many other writers may be cited to a similar effect. § The general rule, that no clergyman should be ordained without an university degree, || was in force then as now; and probably then more than now. The grand duke Cosmo III. states in his "Travels," when he visited the two universities, that Cambridge had more than two thousand five hundred students, and Oxford over three thousand; and it is safely to be assumed that a larger proportion of these large numbers, than now, were persons intending to take holy orders.

That we may in winding up the case come to yet closer quarters, let it be observed that Macaulay admits and alleges ¶ that there was assuredly no lack of clergymen "distinguished by abilities and learning." But "these eminent men were to be found, with scarcely a single exception, at the universities, at the great cathedrals, or in the capital."

A passage perfectly consistent with all that has preceded; as, indeed, Lord Macaulay is perhaps more notable than any writer of equal bulk for being consistent

with himself. For the places thus enumerated could hardly have included more than a tenth of the clergy. Of the mass the historian has yet one disparaging remark to make: that "almost the only important theological works which came forth from a rural parsonage" were those of Bull; and those only because, inheriting an estate, he was able to purchase a library, "such as probably no other country clergyman in England possessed." * This assertion, not less unhappy than those which have preceded, is reduced to atoms by the production of a list of men, who sent forth from country parsonages works of divinity that were then, and in most cases that are now, after two hundred years, esteemed. Many of them, indeed, have been recently republished. The list includes the names, with others, of Towner, Puller, Sherlock, Norris, Fulwood, Fuller (who died in 1661), Kettlewell, and Beveridge.

From this compressed examination, which would gain by a greater expansion, it may sufficiently appear that Lord Macaulay's charges of a menial condition and its accompaniments against the clergy of the Restoration period generally and miserably break down. In no instance are they tolerably supported by positive evidence; in many they are absolutely confuted and annihilated. Not, indeed, that he was absolutely and wholly wrong in any point, but that he was wrong in every point by omission and by exaggeration. Because books were then, especially in the country, more difficult to obtain than now; because manners were more rude and homely in all classes of the community; because cases of low birth and conduct, still individually to be found, were perhaps somewhat more frequent; because a smaller number of the well-born might have taken orders during the period of the Protectorate, so that the episcopal bench was for a short time filled with men of humble origin, though of great learning and ability; these incidents must be magnified into the portentous statement, that "for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants." Isolated facts and partial aspects of his case he eyes with keenness; to these he gives a portentous development; and a magnified and distorted part he presents to us as the whole. The equilibrium of truth is gone; and without its equilibrium it is truth no longer.

That which may be alleged of the clergy

* Letter to the Author of the Vindication, p. 234.

† Life of Bull, p. 428.

‡ Chap. vii.

§ Babington, sect. vii., pp. 87-9.

|| Cardwell's "Documentary Annals," ii. 304, 5.

¶ I. 330.

of that period is, that they were unmigated Tories. This is in reality the link which binds together the counts of the indictment; as a common hostility to William of Orange, or sympathy with James the Second, brings into one and the same category of invective and condemnation persons appearing at first sight to have so little in common as Marlborough, Claverhouse, and Penn. The picture of the Restoration clergy is a romance in the form and color of a history. But while history in the form of romance is commonly used to glorify a little our poor humanity, the illusions of this romance in the form of history go only to discolor and degrade. That William, that Burnet, that Milton should have personal embellishment much beyond their due, is no intolerable evil. But the case becomes far more grievous when a great historian, impelled by his headstrong and headlong imagination, traduces alike individuals and orders, and hurls them into a hot and flaming inferno of his own.

We have selected this case for an exposition comparatively full, not on the ground that it is the most important, but because, better than any other, it illustrates and exemplifies the uncommon, the astounding, inequality of the attack and the defence. The researches which we have partially compressed into the last few pages are those of Mr. Churchill Babington, a fellow of St. John's, the neighbor college to Macaulay's justly loved and honored Trinity. We do not assume them to be infallible. But every candid man must admit that the matter of them is formidable and weighty; that, in order to sustain the credit of Macaulay as an historian, it demands examination and reply. It is in vain that in his journal* he disclaims the censorship of men "who have not soaked their mind with the transitory literature of the day." For in the first place this transitory literature, the ballad, the satire, the jest-book, the farce or vulgar comedy, requires immense sifting and purgation, like other coarse raw material, in order to reduce the gross to the nett, to seclude and express the metal from the ore. In the second place, Mr. Babington seems thus far to have made it very doubtful whether Macaulay has made out his case even as tested by that transitory literature. Give, however, transitory literature what you will, it can form no apology for the gross neglect of grave and weighty and unimpeachable authorities.

* Trevelyan's "Life," ii 224.

But if Macaulay's invocation of the transitory literature of the day is insufficient, what shall we say of Mr. Trevelyan's appeal to Buckle? Buckle, forsooth, bears witness that Macaulay "has rather understated the case than overstated it." Macaulay, even when least *à priori*, can stand better on the feet that nature gave him, than on a crutch like this. Quote, if you choose, publicans on liquor-laws, or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Martial as a witness to purity, or Bacchus to sobriety; put Danton to conduct a bloodless revolution, or swear in the Gracchi as special constables; but do not set up Mr. Buckle as an arbiter of judicial measure or precision, nor let the fame of anything that is called a religion or a clergy depend upon his nod.

Mr. Babington's work can only receive due appreciation upon being consulted *in extenso*. It attracted little notice on its appearance, except from periodicals connected with the clerical profession. He had from Sir Francis Palgrave the consolatory assurance that he had supplied a confutation as complete as the nature of the attainable evidence in such a case would allow. But his work was noticed* by the *Edinburgh Review* in language which we can only describe as that of contemptuous ignorance. It is a book by "a Mr. Churchill Babington" (he was a fellow of St. John's and Hulsean lecturer at Cambridge), which was "apparently intended to confute, but in reality very much confirms, our author's views." Such was the summary jurisdiction exercised upon the material of which we have presented a sample.† The measure of notice accorded to it by Macaulay was simply the insertion of an additional reference ("History," 5th edition, i. 331) to the life of Dr. Bray, "to show the extreme difficulty which the country clergy found in procuring books." The text remains unaltered. The work of Mr. Babington, of which only a few hundred copies were sold or distributed, was for its main purpose still-born, is now hardly known in the world of letters, is

* Not by Macaulay's fault. "I have told Napier that I ask it, as a personal favor, that my name and writings may never be mentioned in the *Edinburgh Review*," Sept. 29, 1842, vol. ii., p. 119. The review had a deep debt to Macaulay; but this was not the right way to pay it.

† Mr. Paget's valuable work, to which we have previously referred (p. 534), was treated by the *Edinburgh Review* in the same fashion. He was charged with ignorance, self-sufficiency, carelessness, and bad faith, though the reviewer failed to convict him of any mistake or inaccuracy. Mr. Paget very properly declined to enter the arena against a champion who wielded such weapons.

not found in some of our largest and most useful libraries,* and if it now and then appears in an old book-shop, confesses by the modesty of its price, that it is among the merest waifs and strays of literature. Such is the fate of the criticism; but the perversion—the grave and gross caricature with which it grappled—still sparkles in its diamond setting, circulates by thousands and ten thousands among flocks of readers ever new and ever charmed, and has become part of the household stock of every family. Since the time when Père Daniel, the Jesuit, with guns at once so ponderous and so weak, replied inaudibly to the raking and devouring fire of Pascal, there never has been a case of such resistless absolutism in a writer, or such unquestioning and general submission in the reading world.

Of this kind has been the justice administered by the tribunals of the day. We sorrowfully admit our total inability to redress the balance. Is there, then, any hope for the perturbed and wandering ghosts whom Macaulay has set agog, for Dundee, for Marlborough, for Quaker Penn, for Madame Piozzi, for the long and melancholy train of rural clergy of the Restoration period, still wearing their disembodied cassocks, in the action of the last, the serenest, the surest, the most awful judge, in the compensating award of posterity? Our hope is, that final justice will be done; but first let us ask whether the injustice which has been done already will, not as injustice, but by virtue of the other and higher elements with which it is fused, stand the trying test of time. Has Macaulay reared a fabric—

Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetus-
tas? †

Among the topics of literary speculation, there is none more legitimate or more interesting than to consider who, among the writers of a given age, are elected to live; to be enrolled among the band of immortals; to make a permanent addition to the mental patrimony of the human race. There is also none more difficult. Not that there is any difficulty at all in what is technically called purging the roll: in supplying any number of names which are to sink (if they have not yet sunk) like lead in the mighty waters, or which, by a slower descent—perhaps like the zigzag from an alpine summit—are to find their

way into the repose of an undisturbed oblivion. Sad as it may seem, the heroes of the pen are in the main but fools lighted by the passing day on the road to dusty death. But it is when the list has been reduced, say to a hundredth part of the writers, and to a tenth of the few prominent and well-known writers of the day, that the pinch, so to call it, of the task begins. We now stumble onwards with undefined and partial aids. Bulk will surely kill its thousands; that, which stood the ancient warrior in such good stead, will be fatal to many a modern author, who, but for it, might have lived. And money will as surely have killed its tens of thousands beforehand, by touching them as with palsy. It was one of the glories of Macaulay that he never wrote for money; it was the chief calamity of a yet greater, a much greater, man, of Scott, that iron necessities in later life, happily not until his place had long been secure, set that yoke upon his lofty crest. And few are they who, either in trade or letters, take it for their aim to supply the market, not with the worst they can sell, but with the best they can produce. In the train of this desire, or need, for money comes haste with its long train of evils; crude conception, slipshod execution, the mean stint of labor, suppression of the inconvenient, blazoning of the insignificant, neglect of causes, loss of proportion in the presentation of results: we write from the moment, and therefore we write for the moment.

Survival, we venture to suggest, will probably depend not so much on a single quality, as upon a general or composite result. The chance of it will vary directly as quality, and inversely as quantity. Some ores yield too low a percentage of metal to be worth the smelting, whereas had the mass been purer, it had been extracted and preserved. Posterity will have to smelt largely the product of the mines of modern literature; and will too often find the reward in less than due proportion to the task. So much for quantity. But quality itself is not homogeneous; it is made up of positives and negatives. Merits and demerits are subtly and variously combined; and it is hard to say what will be the effect in certain cases of the absence of faults as compared with the presence of excellences, towards averting or commuting that sentence of capital punishment which, estimate as we may the humanity of the age, must and will be carried into wholesale execution. Again, men look for different

* In the only one where we chance to have discovered the work, it is a presentation copy.

† Ov. Met., xv. *in fin.*

excellences in works of different classes. We do not hold an "Æneid" or a "Paradise Lost" bound to the veracity of an annalist. We do not look to Burke or Sheridan for an accurate and balanced representation of the acts of Warren Hastings. The subtle gifts of rhetoric, the magic work of poetry, are loved for their own sake; and they are not severely cross-examined upon the possession of historic attributes to which they do not pretend. But rhetoric is not confined to speeches, nor poetry to metre. It can hardly be denied, either by eulogist or detractor, by friend or foe, that both these elements are found in the prose of Macaulay; and if they are most attractive, they are also perilous allies in the work of the historian and the critic.

In truth, if we mistake not, the poetical element in his mind and temperament was peculiar, but was strong and pervading. Those who may incline to doubt our opinion that he was a poet as well as a rhetorician, and perhaps a poet even more than a rhetorician, would do well to consult the admirable criticism of Professor Wilson on his "Lays." ("Life," ii. 121.) We will not dwell upon the fact (such we take it to be) that his works in verse possess the chief merits of his other works, and are free from their faults. But his whole method of touch and handling are poetical. It is, indeed, infinitely remote from the reflective and introspective character, which has taken possession of contemporary poetry among our writers in such a degree, as not only to make its interpretation a work of serious labor, but also to impair its objective force. Macaulay was, perhaps, not strong in his reflective faculties; certainly he gave them little chance of development by exercise. He was eminently objective, eminently realistic; resembling in this the father of all poets, whom none of his children have surpassed, and who never converts into an object of conscious contemplation the noble powers which he keeps in such versatile and vigorous use. In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the sur-

face was rare and marvellous; and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler; but what Homer did was due to his time, what Macaulay did, to his temperament. We have not attempted to ascertain his place among historians. That is an office which probably none but an historian can perform. It is more easy to discover for him contrasts than resemblances. Commonly sound in his classical appreciations, he was an enthusiastic admirer of Thucydides; but there can hardly be a sharper contrast than between the history of Thucydides and the history of Macaulay. Ease, brilliancy, pellucid clearness, commanding fascination, the effective marshalling of all facts belonging to the external world as if on parade—all these gifts Macaulay has, and Thucydides has not. But weight, breadth, proportion, deep discernment, habitual contemplation of the springs of character and conduct, and the power to hold the scales of human action with firm and even hand—these must be sought in Thucydides, and are rarely observable in Macaulay. But how few are the writers whom it would be anything less than ridiculous to place in comparison with Thucydides! The "History" of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live, but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and high work of art.

We are led, then, to the conclusion, or the conjecture, that, however the body of our writers may be reduced in a near future by many and many a decimation, Macaulay will, and must, survive. Personal existence is beset with dangers in infancy, and again in age. But authorship, if it survive the first, has little to fear from the after peril. If it subsist for a few generations (and generations are for books what years are for their writers), it is not likely to sink in many. For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, shall not ring in the ears of civilized man. On a lower throne, in a less imperial hall of the same man-

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

sion, we believe that Macaulay will probably be found, not only in A.D. 2000, which he modestly specifies, but in 3000 or 2850, which he more boldly formulates, or for so much of this long, or any longer lease as the commentators on the Apocalypse will allow the race to anticipate. Whether he will remain as a standard and supreme authority, is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject, and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up, but they will, probably, attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his *nett* solutions of literary, and still less of historic, problems. Yet they will obtain from his marked and telling points of view great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary, and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broadset, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

From Good Words.
WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"WHY HAVE YOU DECEIVED ME,
ARCHIE?"

THE perturbed stranger at the Brown Cow, forced to rise and dress himself

without a bath, and to breakfast on home-made bread which was unpalatable to him, and on an infusion of sloe-leaves that his landlady had substituted for milk, was compelled at last to summon somebody of greater authority than the gawky chamber-maid and bar-maid in one. He wished to settle how, after a few more inquiries, he could get away from this benighted and outlandish hamlet.

Host Morse having the stable entirely under his rule, and being less occupied with the great sight of the morning than his wife, was induced to brave the gentleman who spoke as if butter would not melt in his mouth. As a safe vent to his pent-up feelings in discussing the dog-cart and horse, with which the innkeeper was to furnish his guest, Host Morse had broken away from the subject in hand in order to refer to that which was uppermost in the mind of Saxford that day. "There d' be a wedding in the village this morning, your honor," he had said. "Bridegroom he be a stranger chap, fresh come into these parts, a day's-man, Joel Wray, leastways we called him, as he called hisself, Joel Wray; but it d' seem, by now, his right name 'tis Dooglas."

The gentleman had been listening blankly and indifferently; but at Joel Wray's new name, he first fell back into his chair, and then started up. "What do you say?" he cried out loudly, and without the least hesitation. Seizing his hat and making for the door, he was down the stairs and up the street in the direction of the church, before Host Morse, standing open-mouthed, and feeling, as he described afterwards, "like one strook or took," could cry, God save him, what was the matter?

It was the apparition of the tall Tweed-suited stranger, darting into the church, which stopped the marriage party.

The gentleman stared distractedly about him till his eye was caught and fixed by Joel Wray in his working-clothes, with the rose in his jacket. "Good heavens, Archie, what are you doing here?" he gasped out.

The young man's eyes met those which had fastened on his, and he, too, stood arrested. "Selincourt! what on earth brings you here?" he said, with the oddest mixture of amazement, discomfiture, provocation, and something like a sense of comicality in his tone.

The familiar recognition between these apparently widely severed members of society — the fine gentleman at the Brown Cow, and Joel Wray, the day's-man at the

manor farm — turned the rest of the party to stone for an instant. In the next followed a reaction.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked the vicar in an accent of aggrieved trepidation.

"I am here to stand up for this young 'oman," said the bailiff, preparing to show fight for Pleasance, "as is as virtuous a young faymale as breathes — passon, he knows — and as 'a come to church to be, as 'a been, married honest to this here young man."

Even the lad Ned, of all people, took it into his head to put in his awkward oar. Perhaps it was his part, as best man, to speak up for Joel, and Ned had something to do, after all. "Joel ain't in the wrong, as I can see. Bans and everythink were right, or passon and clerk should 'a seed to it. I towd you last night, zur," turning valiantly upon Selincourt, "that he were bridegroom."

Dorky Thwaite, as best maid, did not follow suit and put the finishing touch to what was grotesque in the situation, notwithstanding that she was all in a tremor lest Madam's should not prove a marriage after all, and there should be no dinner with plum-pudding at the manor-house.

Phillis Plum was standing with the beseeching eyes of a deaf person, and Miles was signalling to his old woman to be quiet and submit to the restriction, since nobody was going to "holler" a secret into her stopped ears, and that in church, so that all the village might hear.

Pleasance did not scream, or sob, or faint, after the fashion of brides in the few marriages that have been challenged since marriages were instituted; but neither did she remain unmoved in her faith in the loyalty of her bridegroom.

It seemed to her as if by that unfathomed law of repetition which comes in force in men's lives, a certain miserable scene in her history was to be re-acted, only with a difference in all the actors save one. She could not tell wherein lay the analogy, she could not give any explanation; but with this sudden interruption there came back upon her, in a flash, Miss Cayley's drawing-room, when she and Anne had been unexpectedly brought before a stranger, while at a few words their whole surroundings had fallen away from them.

Joel Wray's voice broke the momentary silence — it had not lasted for more than a moment. "Don't you see what you are bringing upon me, Selincourt?" he said with passionate remonstrance. "These

good folks, my friends, are ready to suspect me of bigamy at the very least. You had better explain, since you have thrust yourself where your presence was not wanted, and succeeded in making a mess of it."

Selincourt, thus assailed, made a gesture of helpless despair. "If there has been a marriage," he groaned, lifting his blinking eyes from the bridegroom, and casting round a hasty appalled glance which took in the clergyman and the little festive group of men and women, in which one woman's figure in white stood conspicuous, "I am not prepared to dispute it. This young gentleman is of age, and he has not been married before — to my knowledge."

The statement, thus wrung forth, produced an effect only less than the first address.

"Lor' 'a mussy, Joel a gen'leman!" "An' he 'a been cuttin', ploughin', sawin', and ordered about with the rest sin' 'arvest!" "An' he 'a been farin' plain, and he a-standin' there in them pewer clothes!" "What d' be the worl' comin' to?" were sentences murmured audibly by Ned, Miles, and the bailiff — the last magnate collapsing at this undreamt-of turn of affairs, and the whole three men looking more staggered and perplexed than if Joel had been detected in an attempt to commit a felony.

The vicar took his view of the concession. "If the young man" (he could not bring himself to say gentleman to Joel — whom he had known as a farm-laborer, and whom he had never suspected of being anything more than a smart mechanic tired of his trade) "has simply" — the vicar said "simply," but he paused and looked at Joel sternly, — "I say if he has simply deserted his position in life, though I regret his error and all that it involves, and feel pained to find that I have been made to assist in any deception that has been practised, I cannot think, sir," looking commiseratingly, but still reproachfully at Selincourt, "that you were warranted in breaking in upon us in the — the unmannerly manner you have done."

"I was — ah — commissioned to find a friend's son, and restore him, if possible, to his family," declared Selincourt, but yet with the air of a man resigned to be blamed, seeing that he has never looked for anything save blame in the whole transaction. "If my manner has been amiss, I must plead the shock of his discovery in such circumstances."

Pleasance heard every word, and she

had a perception, visual or mental, of the aristocratic chin of which she had got a glimpse lifted in the air, and the eyes looking over her head. There rose up before her mind as if it had been but yesterday, her aunt, Mrs. Wyndham's, manner, when she had told the girls that their father was dead, as if it had been no concern of theirs, since their mother had been a low woman.

"Selincourt," Joel interposed, "after I have taken my wife," he gave the title distinctly and defiantly, "back to our present home, I shall come to the inn and hear what you have to say, which is more than you have any right to expect of me."

Thus dismissed, with a high hand, Selincourt drew back, and the party, after standing as if irresolute for some seconds longer, pursued its course to the vestry.

But it was an altered party—not only were Joel's cheeks flushed scarlet, and Pleasance's blanched white, but uncertainty and disturbance pervaded every member.

Nothing more was said. The clear intimation that Joel was a gentleman, together with the tone which he had assumed to this stranger, Mr. Selincourt, who, with all his well-bred depreciation, had burst like a bomb-shell on the company, prevented any of the vigorous appeals and rough remonstrances that would have been freely hurled at Joel, the day's-man.

Even the vicar said no more.

The names "Archibald Douglas"—at which every one who could get near enough to see, stared intently, and "Pleasance Hatton" were scrawled in characters widely different from the writers' ordinary handwriting. The bailiff appended his signature, not certain whether, in spite of the parson's presence, he might not be called in question for the good-nature which had prompted this day's work. The clerk followed, as neither Miles nor Ned's power of caligraphy were presentable.

At last the marriage company passed out into the road and the village street. Surcharged as it was with its secret, it could hardly contain itself. Doubtless, it emanated in this instance from Host Morse, who was not long left gaping in the parlor of the Brown Cow, and from Clem Blennerhasset, who cried out on the first faint sign of a stir and tumult, "I knewed it. He telled me hisself, ever so long agone."

A sense that something unusual had happened, was diffused with lightning speed throughout the village, and was taking shape in the wildest rumors. Joel

Wray was a runaway convict, and Mr. Selincourt a head policeman in the gentlest of disguises, who was only giving Joel a little law through the influence of the parson and the bailiff, that he might walk back with Pleasance to the manor-house, in order to save appearances, and spare Madam and Mrs. Balls the first brunt of the blow.

Joel had half-a-dozen wives already—the shameful young Turk, and Pleasance did very wrong in so much as suffering him to accompany her to the manor-house, there to break with him forever.

Joel, the day's-man, had turned out so grand a gentleman in disguise, that "Lawyer Lockwood were nor'n to him, and in course the marriage could not hold good, and yon dandified customer at the Brown Cow were his father come to break it off, and had done it likewise, walking into the very church and knocking the marriage to pieces, under nose of passon, the moment it were made."

The familiar, gazing crowd, with its free greetings, which had stood to see Pleasance going to be married, was nothing to the massed-together villagers, with strange looks and silent tongues, that feasted their eyes on her return.

Pleasance walked erect and firm, not as if the earth were crumbling away beneath her feet, while Joel by her side saw not one of these people craning their necks to get a clear view of him. He was holding Pleasance's hand where he had put it within his arm, and where it seemed to rest without either her will or consciousness; and he was talking to her and her alone, with his head bent low to look into her face that was like a mask, the whole of their way back to the manor-house.

"I am afraid this has been a great shock to you, Pleasance," he was saying anxiously, "I never thought that it would come upon you like this. I meant to break it to you after you were prepared for it, when you would have come, surely, to welcome it. I would rather have cut off my right hand than had it come upon you like this to-day by my mother's ill-judged interference, and Selincourt's bungling."

And then he proceeded to enter on eager explanations, telling her fully, at last, all about himself, and taking care to dwell upon the fact that his father had been born in a station very little if any higher than that of the working-people among whom his son had been sojourning by his own choice, for the last six months.

But the elder Archibald Douglas, having shown the turn for mechanics which his

son had inherited from him, had gone to a great manufacturing town and become first a factory hand, next a manager, and at length, as the due reward of his talents and industry, a manufacturer in his own person. In that position he had acquired, comparatively early in life, a large fortune, had employed part of his capital in the purchase of estates, and had married one of the daughters of a poor county family. The man who was then speaking to Pleasance, her husband, was this rich and landed manufacturer's only son. The father had died, and the son reigned in his stead.

But he was not pleased to reign without preparation or probation. "It was not that there was nothing left for a fellow to do now," he asserted, "I mean no more worlds to conquer, no battles to speak of to fight, no discoveries of new lands to make, when even 'the great lone land' is ransacked for sables and beavers. Besides, there are things even better worth doing than fighting battles or discovering lands," he urged eagerly. "It was not that I had seen you, love, for you know I had never set eyes on you. But I did want to know the mass of my fellows, and above all the poorest men and women among them, by sharing with them their work and their fare, and living with them like a brother for a time. If I found for myself what their real selves and real lives were, I might go on and help them more effectually than most masters and landlords are able to do."

"I thought of the stout old Russian czar, Peter. I could but try, however much I should fall short. I knew, of course, that I should fail immeasurably, but I was bent on trying. I cherished the scheme through Eton and Oxford days. When it got wind so far, and reached my mother, though she had not opposed it in theory — the very reverse, indeed — she set her face against it in practice, and strove to get me to give it up. But I could not.

"I thought at first to go into a factory, because of that turn for mechanics which I have inherited from my father, and by which he made his fortune. But then at his death our interest in the old factory had been sold to his partners, and I was destined for a country gentleman, pure and simple.

"And I was fond of country life too, since the time, of which I spoke to you once, you remember? when my father used to tell me and my sister Jane of his young days, and of his father and mother's little farm away among the Cumberland dales.

Besides, country knowledge would be most useful to me as squire of Shadleigh. You will love Shadleigh, Pleasance.

"So I left my mother, and Woodcock our agent, and all the college fellows in the lurch, and came off in a suit like this, to work for my living; and I met you, Pleasance, and I could not choose but seek to make you mine."

He spoke in the same strain without pausing for half an hour on end, till they came close to the manor-house. And all the rejoinder which she had made to him was to look once up in his face with troubled eyes and to ask with trembling lips and choked voice, "Archie, why have you deceived me?"

CHAPTER XXX.

"YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR MOTHER,
ARCHIE."

"AND now, Selincourt, may I ask by what title you have mixed yourself up in my affairs?"

Archie Douglas put the question in a voice of repressed wrath standing in Joel Wray's working-clothes, and appealing to Mr. Selincourt in the parlor of the Brown Cow.

The appeal was a pertinent one, and without question it told. None knew better or felt more keenly than Mr. Selincourt the established code of honor by which one gentleman is bound to shut his eyes to the flights, plunges, and hair-breadth escapes of another. It is no matter that the one may stand to the other in point of age as father to son, or that the two have known each other from youth upwards.

In the case in question there was but the remotest kinship. Mrs. Douglas — Archie's mother — and Ambrose Selincourt were cousins; and although there was certainly old acquaintanceship, the conditions for friendship did not exist between two minds utterly unlike, except that they were both capable of integrity.

Mr. Selincourt's sole title to interfere consisted in the obligation which had been imposed upon him by the young man's mother, and to which he, Mr. Selincourt, could not say no.

He could not tell why Mrs. Douglas should have selected him of all men in preference to the family agent, or any other confidential friend. Nay, he had no idea why he himself could not refuse quests and commissions for which he was perfectly aware that he was signally disqualified, merely because the solicitation

came to him from a woman, a widowed mother, an old friend. He could not answer these questions, although he was a learned man, the fellow of a college, and one who rarely left the hoary walls which might be supposed saturated with knowledge.

But as a pendant to the disheartening sense of his want of claim to be heard, Mr. Selincourt had the comparative ease of a man who is not vitally interested in the matter.

However taken aback and scandalized he might be at a termination which to him threatened the ruin of his kinswoman's son, still in its lamentableness, the disaster did not concern Mr. Selincourt so nearly as to prevent him from discussing it temerately.

Of course he was very sorry, but after the first brunt of the discovery, perhaps he continued more put out than sorry in feeling himself so thoroughly a fish out of the water at the Brown Cow, and in holding in check his pressing inclination to get into his proper element again without delay.

"I acknowledge that I have no right," said Selincourt, abasing himself for his heinous offence against social requirements, "save what I have derived from your mother. Your conduct is distressing her very much, even while she is ignorant of this — ah! this last misfortune!" he concluded with a deep sigh.

"No doubt," said Archie ironically, "my conduct has been distressing her as much as if I had been breaking the whole decalogue. But I don't admit that I have deliberately sinned against the fifth commandment," he added, with a sudden change of argument suggested by his own words. "I am ready to honor her with all due honor; but I am no longer a child that she should exact from me implicit obedience, to which, by the way, she never accustomed me. I have my own obligations to fulfil, and my own standard to strive after. To my own master I must stand or fall. If I have gone away and left my mother with no trace of me, it is because she was doing her best to sow enmity between us by seeking to clog and fetter me in a fixed resolve, against which there was no law. If I have not consulted her in the most serious step of my life, it is because I knew that she would have opposed me, not the less inveterately that it might have been quietly. Certainly it would have been useless, for the step concerns me first and last. I wished to save everybody from pain, but, all the same, I

am willing to answer for my deed to-day to God and man," he finished proudly.

"Apart from the respect which you owe to your mother," said Mr. Selincourt, with some firmness, "you are entirely your own master, both by your majority and by the terms of your late father's will. No one disputes that," added the speaker, desirous of propitiating his hot-headed antagonist. "I will allow farther, that, brought up as you have been, heir to a place like Shadleigh, you may claim additional respect for your opinions, which are of consequence to many of your fellow-creatures."

"I make no claim of the kind," said Archie, a little sulkily. "I ask nothing more than the lawful freedom which every grown man is warranted in seeking — to do what he judges to be right, and go on his own course, whatever that may be."

"I would not do you the injustice of supposing for a moment," continued Mr. Selincourt, "that you have not been actuated by good motives, however falacious, in your singular line of conduct."

"I am not a communist, Selincourt," interrupted Archie, with a smile.

"God forbid. I should hope not," replied Selincourt, with a shudder. "I suppose this is a kind of modern knight-errantry, which may be expected to lead you into strange quarters, and put your powers of endurance to the test. Yet, Archie," exclaimed the elder man, breaking off the thread of his observations and yielding to an impulsive expression of his pent-up feelings, as he looked around him at the unsuitable decorations of begrimed majesty and shell flowers. "I wonder at your taste."

The person addressed was by nature a much harderier individual than his mother's cousin, whether or not his plebeian blood from one side of the house had anything to do with it. He had been further braced by a tendency to innocent discursiveness out of his immediate sphere from his boyhood. He had not been a low-lived fellow in the ordinary sense of the word, not addicted to base vices or given to loose companions. But from the early days when he had listened with all his ears to his father's stories about his humble, hard-working dale progenitors, Archie Douglas had manifested a great sympathy with and interest in the working-classes, together with an inclination to put himself in their place, and subject himself to their trials and temptations.

Actually, Archie Douglas failed to see Mr. Selincourt's allusion, and imagined that it referred to the subject which was

nearest his own heart, and which, had his mind been at liberty, would have been filling it at this moment. He opened his lively dark eyes with amazed indignation.

"Do you mean that you have looked at Pleasance and not admired her?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Selincourt, quickly waving aside the charge, "I have not ventured on such an assertion, for I confess that I was agitated—I did not see, so as to receive even the vaguest impression—the young woman—ah, the lady. Douglas, I have been scrupulously avoiding till now, any reference to what must form, alas, grievous evidence of the danger of your fantastic enthusiasm."

Mr. Selincourt found himself forced to come to the point, and speak out his thoughts, without regard to their effect on his companion.

"I glory in the consequence," said Archie, holding up his head. "I will always glory in it, and consider it by far the most fortunate circumstance in my lot. I have got the good wife that is God's best gift to a man. What should you or any other poor old fogie of a schoolman—forgive me, Selincourt, but I pity you—know about it?"

"Thank the Lord for our ignorance," muttered Selincourt, devoutly.

"And as for being a lady," insisted Archie, "I can tell you Pleasance is every inch a lady, a match for my mother any day."

"I won't contradict you. Don't let us argue on this question," said Mr. Selincourt. "Only you cannot expect this of me, my dear fellow, that I should congratulate you on having thrown away yourself and your possessions on a low marriage."

"I deny that it is low in any just sense," said Archie, keeping his temper wonderfully, "but I cannot expect you to understand it, and I do not ask you to congratulate me—yet—only not to pity me—rather to keep your congratulations to a later date—believe me you will live to give them."

The provocation of Archie's high-handed impenitence was great, but Mr. Selincourt contented himself with shaking his head and proceeding with all speed to deliver himself of his commission. "This was what I had to say when everything was forgotten on account of this dreadful affair—ah! you count it delightful for the present moment—well, we sha'n't quarrel, there is no good in quarrelling; besides, I am arrogating no right to quarrel with you, and I call upon you in turn to respect my admitted powerlessness.

What this grievous affair has nearly put out of my head, is, that your mother is not only longing and pining to see you again, but she is far from well in health."

"She was in her usual health when I left town," said Archie hastily, in a tone, half of vexation, half of incredulity.

"She is ailing now," reported her ambassador, unhesitatingly; "the old mischief in her chest has broken out again. Mind, I do not say that your conduct has brought it on, I believe that the changeable weather this summer and autumn has been against her. But it has really come to this, that the doctors have ordered her off, once more, to Pau or Cannes, before the frosts set in. There is no time to be lost, and she will not move before she sees you."

Archie Douglas, instead of answering, thrust his hands into his jacket pockets, and took two or three turns up and down the room, turning his back on Mr. Selincourt.

"I am convinced that you would not grieve your mother more than could be helped," urged the mediator; "as for what is done and cannot be undone, well, I suppose the best must be made of it. I do not envy you your task, but you are your own master, and your mother knows that, and is a reasonable woman. I do not need to remind you how valuable her life is, not only to you, but to your sister."

Mr. Selincourt was reflecting while he spoke, that Archie Douglas having succeeded in stumbling into an extremely objectionable marriage down in this rough locality, had cut himself off from ever affording a home in the natural course of events to his sister; and that therefore the preservation to her of her mother as her guardian was specially to be prayed for.

Archie stopped short in his walk and turned sharply on the speaker.

"I shall go up to town and see and explain everything to my mother within the next four-and-twenty hours," he said, abruptly and gruffly, betraying the effort which the determination had cost him.

"Do so, my dear fellow," chimed in Mr. Selincourt eagerly; "I shall not presume to accompany you, since you have the courage and manliness to do what is right of your own accord, without seeking my poor support. Third parties are always in the way, and do more harm than good in these cases. I did not engage to return to your mother, and I think that she herself will prefer to have you with her alone. I have executed her commis-

sion to the best of my ability. I have been three weeks in coming up with you, even after I had got on your track," added Mr. Selincourt ruefully; "but I assure you that I was cautious in not compromising you." He sought consolation for being too late in taking this credit to himself.

"You could not compromise me," broke in Archie, loftily. "I wished to keep out of my mother's reach, and it was necessary that my name and position should be hidden; but otherwise I had nothing to conceal."

"True, no doubt," assented Mr. Selincourt suavely, but with a horrible suspicion that the position might not have remained so hidden as to have failed to glimmer through the imaginary veil. It might have been guessed at by some rustic and her relations as cunning as they were ignorant, leaving poor Archie Douglas, in his sublime self-conceit and disinterestedness, the victim of a wretched conspiracy, as well as of democratic fanaticism.

But there was no use in hinting the suspicion at this date. "I shall keep your secret," Mr. Selincourt told Archie in conclusion, "and let you disclose it to your mother, when she and you can take such measures as you judge best in the unhappy — ah! — the awkward circumstances. I shall run up to town and take the North Western and get back to college to-morrow afternoon. They may speak of the advantages of a holiday, but for a man like me there is no rest like that which is to be found in his own quad and his own rooms."

Thus the antagonists parted on an amicable arrangement. Of course Mr. Selincourt had heard of and come across shameful villainy in his day, but he would as soon have suspected himself as Archie Douglas, greatly though he disapproved of the young man's eccentricity. Mr. Selincourt knew Archie to be well-principled and high-minded — with his very faults leaning to virtue's side; why, even his present terrible scrape was only the unhappy result of an extravagant development of philanthropy.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I WILL NOT GO WITH YOU."

PLEASANCE had no sooner crossed the threshold of the manor-house than she was called to still Mrs. Balls's aroused apprehensions. Bad news, travelling all the faster because of their intangibility,

had flown before the bridal pair back to their home, and Pleasance found her old friend sitting up in bed white and ghastly, shaking in every limb, and crying, "Where d' you be, Pleasance? Be there owt come to you? They says summat be mortal wrong?"

Pleasance answered the most easily satisfied question, —

"I am here, dear. Do you not see me?"

"And where be he as should be your good man by now?" was the demand that followed quickly.

"He came with me," said Pleasance, her heart aching sorely; "he will be here again presently."

Mrs. Balls was pacified.

"Ay, he can go and come an it please be, but do 'ee mind I towd 'ee," she said, suffering herself to be laid back on her pillow, and with a faint attempt at resuming the joke of the morning, "that you 'ouldnt be free to go and come, not no more, arter your outin' this mornin' — that it 'ould be please your good man from this time forward."

Pleasance received the sting of the words while she was too preoccupied to note how much remaining strength and intelligence Mrs. Balls had lost in her panic, and what childish bewilderment was stealing over her face and voice.

Pleasance wanted to be alone and think. She had a few minutes of grace, for no one expected her to sit down to the feast which had been provided for the wedding guests. Since the bridegroom was compelled to stay away, the bride was permitted to follow his example. Strange and unheard-of as the phenomenon of a marriage feast, ungraced by the presence of the new-made husband and wife, was in the parish, the marvel proved a relief in this instance, allowing the full discussion of the singular circumstances along with the satisfaction of the guests' unabated appetite.

Pleasance tried to understand it all — tried to make allowance for him — the offender; but she was no longer the Pleasance of the morning, confiding and devoted. She was the Pleasance in whom, even as a child, Miss Cayley had seen powers and possibilities distinct from those of bright cleverness and friendly sympathy; and whose passionateness, where her stringent sense of right, and her warm, tender affections, were outraged, had been dreaded by her early guide.

This was the Pleasance who had not been crushed by her first downfall, who

had asserted herself, and decided for both sisters. But that was because Pleasance's great trials could only be dealt by the hands of her dearest friends, could only reach her through her own fond exaltation of these friends, and her cleaving to them as more to her than silver and gold.

This was the same Pleasance who had so writhed under Anne's loss, that she had taken the desperate resolution, and abode by it, of renouncing the class which had renounced Anne, and left her to perish — of never again having to do with associations which could smite her by reminding her too keenly of the sister and friend who had been taken from her forever.

Pleasance did not think of what Archie Douglas had said to her; though she had taken in the sound and sense. How could it, when it was swelling with the consciousness of the deceit which had been practised upon her, and the wrong which had been done to her truth. It seemed to her that insult was added to injury by his supposing that wealth and rank — the wealth and rank on which she had forever turned her back — could bribe her into more than complacency, into vulgar elation, and could buy for him a ready and entire forgiveness for his double-dealing and treachery. He had been deceitful and treacherous under seeming candor and frankness, and he had persevered long, preserving his secret unbroken to the last moment.

Pleasance did not consider his plea that he had not put on a disguise in order to test and to win her in pretended poverty, in foolish emulation of the foolish egotism of those heroes of romance who were no heroes to her. She had not taken to heart his eager confiding to her of his far more heroic and chivalric motive — after her own heart, as that motive might otherwise have been. She did not once remember it, yearning with tenderness, even while she might have condemned him for falling so far short of what he had ventured to call his mission in abusing it for personal ends.

The time might come when Pleasance would take all these things into account, treasure every fragment of the argument on his side in her remembrance, and ponder over it in her heart; but that time had not come on her marriage morning when she had been betrayed into marrying a gentleman against her will. She only thought then of her wrongs.

Oh, how she had loved and believed in Archie Douglas, believing in him in the teeth of testimony which might well have shaken a less confiding woman's faith!

She had hoped to be happy with him in the only station for which she was fit, and in which she could be happy. She had spoken to him freely of her hopes, to which he had listened, knowing that they were vain. She had been as glad as a child over the idea that she could furnish him with the small means on which they might begin housekeeping, and he had never told her — he might have been laughing at her all the time — that he was the possessor of many thousands, to which her few hundreds were as drops in the bucket.

Mrs. Balls — her honest, kindly, motherly cousin, whom she had promised never to forsake — was in her last weakness, and how was Pleasance to keep her pledge to one who had been as a mother to her? It would be worse — more dishonorable and heartless in Pleasance to give up Mrs. Balls, than if Pleasance had it in her power to fail, and failed to a real mother whom it was her natural duty to cherish. It would be a mockery to think of her staying with and waiting on Mrs. Balls when she, Pleasance, was the wife of a gentleman, and when she was called upon to walk in his ways and suit herself to his tastes.

He had had many opportunities of explaining himself, many chances given him, from the time when he had taken to heart the loss of the foreign sailors, down to the Sunday afternoon when in the near prospect of their marriage he had stood with her by Anne's grave, and let himself be forsown, as it seemed in Pleasance's severe young eyes. Even there, on that ground hallowed to Pleasance, he had not opened his mouth to warn and confide in her. Neither sorrow nor joy had melted him so as to constrain him to confess the deception he was practising. She knew he was kind, but what was kindness without truth?

So she had heard Mrs. Balls say that her father had been kind to her mother, and yet he had been so weak, so much the creature of social prejudices as to be ashamed of his own free choice. He had done her mother and these two, Anne and Pleasance, the cruel injustice of never publicly owning his marriage, and of leaving his children where he himself had placed them in a false, debatable position, of which they were the innocent victims.

Could Pleasance expect another and a nobler ending from Archie Douglas's still more deceitful beginning? Was she who had not hesitated to condemn such a poor compromise, to perpetuate, open-eyed, her mother's half-seen imprudence, and leave

a third unborn generation to reap the full harvest of misery? Would it not be consummating his error, and surely bringing down upon him his punishment?

Pleasance's anger was somewhat subdued before Archie Douglas came back to her, and joined her where she sat all alone with her hands in her lap in an upper room in the manor-house, where she had been wont to keep her books and pets. The place was now empty, except for a box, and a cage or two, and a fixed-in window-seat. The low October sunshine poured in and illuminated without warming the brown bareness and the solitary figure in the white dress so out of keeping with the surroundings. He came up to her without any guilty hesitation, although with subdued looks and tones.

"You have not gone down to the company in the kitchen without me," he said, in a voice half rallying, half pleading. "I suppose the good folks will do very well for once, cracking their special nut and digesting its kernel, as well as discussing their fare, without us. But neither have you changed your dress and gone back to your friend, Mrs. Balls, as you proposed. Does she not need you?"

"I cannot tell," said Pleasance heavily. "I have only seen her for a minute."

He sat down in the window-seat beside her, and took her hand, which she did not withdraw. Where was the use, when it would soon be all over? But how strange it was to see him close to her there, in the working-clothes which looked as if they belonged to him, but which he had only worn as some player on the stage might appropriate either the black velvet of Hamlet or the hoddern-grey of the gravedigger, as it suited him.

"You know, Pleasance," he was saying, "I had intended to stay with you and work here for a time after our marriage, because it was the great wish of your heart, and till you had grown reconciled to the fact that I had other duties and obligations which you must share and lighten. Whatever cause you have had to dislike them, on your own account, you will come to love them because they are mine, won't you, darling? But, besides, an end has been put to my appearing again upon the scene as a working-man by poor old Selincourt's blundering. You will think it so, Pleasance, when you are better acquainted with the man. I was furious with him, but the old sinner meant no harm, and to make a long story short, he has brought me tidings to which I cannot refuse to attend, and which I am sure you would be

the last to ask me to neglect. My mother is ill, and ordered abroad, where she has frequently been sent for the winter, and will not stir till she has seen her impracticable son. But you must teach them better, that I have had the wit to win the dearest, sweetest, wisest woman in the world. I am very sorry to disappoint you, even more than to hurry you — the first thing too, only you see that I have too good an excuse, and cannot help myself. I must run up to town to-morrow, Pleasance, and take you with me, make my mother acquainted with our marriage, and make you known to her."

He ran over the obligations rapidly, rather slurring them as not being able to parry the suspicion that they involved what would be trying and distressing to all concerned.

"After that," he said, drawing a long breath of relief, "and after I have seen my mother and Jane off, you may depend upon my bringing you straight back to Mrs. Balls."

Would he have had the honesty and courage, supposing she had consented to go with him, to do what he proposed? Could she have depended on his fidelity and generosity in restoring her to her filial post?

It was idle speculating, since she would not try him.

"I will not go with you," said Pleasance steadily, but in a voice that she could not have recognized as her own, looking up at him with crimson cheeks contrasting with her white dress.

"You will not go with me!" he exclaimed, startled, but quite unable to take in her meaning. "Do you propose to follow me? But would not that be a great deal more disagreeable for you? No, I do not think I could consent to that."

"I will not go at all," she said, plainly; "I daresay you think that I must go with you," she continued, while he looked at her confounded, "because I married you this morning, and so am bound to obey you. But ours was not a right marriage in which both man and woman know what they are doing. I don't think that it should stand for a marriage; but I do not know and cannot help that. What I do know is that I will not go with you unless you force me, which you will not do."

"Pleasance," he cried, "what is this? You are not in earnest, you are not in your senses. Our marriage not a right marriage, which you do not think should stand, and you, my love, my wife!" He stopped, choked with emotion.

"Yes," she said, "Archie Douglas, or whatever they call you," she uttered the last words with harsh scorn that, even before it tingled through his veins, filled him with consternation, "you know that I did not mean to marry you as you are; you know and I know that I am no more fit to be a gentleman's wife, than I have wished to be the lady that I have forgotten to be."

"It is not true, I do not know it, Pleasance. How can I know it?" he protested passionately, "when I have deliberately chosen you to be my wife? I know that you have set yourself against a higher class, because of the adversity of your youth, so set yourself that I dreaded to tell you my real position lest it should part us while parting was yet possible. Don't you remember that every time I approached the subject you repelled me and closed my mouth by your hostility? I have erred, but it was for your sake. Look here, Pleasance, rank and wealth did not stop me for an instant, I felt that they could not come between us. Are you going to make them the bugbears, that I never made them?" he urged. "Are you going to let the outward accidents of fortune divide us after all, when I have loved you so well, that, had it not been for my duty to others, I could have held my worldly station worthily lost, could have renounced and never resumed it for your sake?"

"Where was your duty to others?" she said, in the icy accents that contrasted so strangely with her flaming cheeks. "Where was your true manhood when you deceived me, a woman who loved and trusted you—deceived me, not for an hour or a day, but for a long course of days and weeks, and in face of all you knew of my sad story, my convictions, and my conscience? Do you mean that we are equal any longer, you and I? I, who did not hide a thought from you, and you, who misled me from first to last, and did not once speak the truth to me, but made a tool, if you did not make a mock, of me?"

"Pleasance, Pleasance," he cried, roused to wrath, and springing up. Then he stood still in despair, convicted before her, and yet rebelling against her undreamt-of cruelty. "Pleasance," he began again reproachfully, "I have already told you that it was not to gain you that I first assumed a character to which I was no further entitled than that all of us are working men and women, and that we are at liberty to change our sphere of work when and where we choose" (she shook

her head at the specious fallacy of his reasoning). "But even if it had been otherwise," he urged, "I think I might have found more mercy from you—the cause of my deceit, if you will have it deceipt, I am not the first man, or the man of highest station, else history lies, who has dropped the surroundings of his station, and descended into the ranks to struggle on the same level for the prize he coveted. I never heard that the man's descent was counted unworthiness in the man and degradation to the woman."

"But I count it unworthiness and degradation," said Clearance bitterly; "I know what you allude to. I have read the stories of the Grizels and Enids and Lady Burleighs, and I always thought them written by men to shame women—to show how little honor was reckoned due to a woman. A man would never dare to beguile his friend and think to call him friend again, but he may play upon a woman's weakness, and having taken her in by false pretences and led her a long way under false colors, having tried her—as who was he to try her?—as no human being has the right to try another, he has but to throw off his mask to be forgiven because it is love, and not friendship, that he has profaned. And what is full compensation to the poor silly woman? She is torn from every tie of her youth, but she finds herself rich and great, like a woman among the Turks, with silk gowns, and cachemere shawls, and gold chains that she does not know how to wear and that do not suit her, with French cookery, that is not good for her and soon ruins her digestion, with servants that laugh at her before her face, and new relations that hate and despise her. It is very pitiful to be bought by such things," ended Pleasance with ominous quietness, sitting tearless and hopeless, with her hands crossed in her lap.

"Did I ever think to buy you? Did I ever seek to tempt you?" he appealed to her in vain.

"You once told me a story that you had seen played," she told him in return, "of a lad who was a gardener and who loved a proud, beautiful girl of rank, whom he dared not approach, and how his love tempted him to lend himself to her enemies who could make him pass for a prince in order to win her and humble her. You said that there was the halting morality of the play, for the plot was not merely a heartless, but a base trick which no true man would have been induced to play. Now, I do not think that the gar-

dener lad was substantially worse than his neighbors — the rich gentlemen who affect to be poor working-men ; I think they deserve the same reprobation."

" If you think so, Pleasance," said Archie Douglas slowly, " you are right in not going with me, and we are better to part here and now."

He was standing before her — no longer the gay, good-natured young workman whose good-nature had been the byword of his chance comrades and one of his great charms.

Here was the man of whom Mr. Selincourt had said that his opinions were of moment to many of his fellow-creatures, the young squire of broad acres and numerous retainers and dependents, who, when he was among his own people had been accustomed — whether he recognized it or not — to be listened to and deferred to. He had, indeed, among his equals, and among his college companions, learned to occupy common ground, to give and take, bear and forbear. He had even felt a great, generous impulse to waive every attribute of supremacy, and live with all men as brethren, till he could make friends of them and teach them to make a friend of him ; but he could not, by any means, in thus doing annihilate the tendencies, and destroy the influences, which were superseded, but not suppressed.

The air of authority and command which Pleasance had learnt to condemn in man and woman, was clearly visible in Archie Douglas, under his working-clothes, at this moment.

" You are right that I have been miserably wrong in my conclusions," he said again, sternly. " But the misery shall go no further so far as I can help it, you supporting me in my resolution. For bringing such distress upon you by a deception, which was as much self-deception as anything else, may God forgive me as I am already reaping my share of its fruits. I will not compel you to go with me ; I can say farther that I do not desire it, in your present frame of mind. But you are my wife" (he said the word with sharp intonation this time), " unfortunately, nothing that we can do will break the bond, and which has become by one fault of mine so hateful in your eyes. You have the first claim to that protection, and to those worldly goods which you reject and heartily despise. When I go, I shall leave you my address both in town and country. I shall write to you after I leave," she put up her hand in depreca-

tion, but he finished his sentence without heeding her, " whether you think fit to read and answer my letters or not."

He stopped ; and total silence fell between them for a moment, in which his hard breathing was audible to both, and in which she heard the loud beating of her own heart as it stood at bay. He broke the silence where speech was concerned by words the very commonplaceness of which was full of irony in their anguish, " I suppose there is nothing left for us but to bid each other farewell."

" Farewell," she said stubbornly.

He moved half way to the door without her stirring, and then he came back quickly to her with all the strange, cold calmness of his mobile face broken up. " Can this be real ? " he whispered, stretching out his arms to her. " Only three hours ago we two were made one, and ere the words are well spoken, have we had a deadly quarrel, and are we about to part ? "

" We should never have met," said Pleasance, " and so we do well to part."

" Be it so, then," he said, with a sort of fierce disdain of himself and her, his empty arms falling by his side, while he drew back erect and haughtily, " you have chosen it ; the evil rest with you, if there be evil. I have only submitted to your decision."

There was no one to see whether or not Pleasance relented when it was too late, and when the last sound of her bridegroom's foot had died away in the distance.

If Mr. Selincourt had come to Saxford a week earlier, the couple might have been parted, — though that is doubtful, for as the wrong which Pleasance conceived that Archie Douglas had done her would then have been less complete and irremediable, so his confessions and persuasions might have had more power over her.

Or if Mr. Selincourt had come a week later, than the couple would not still have felt only lovers. They would have had time to realize that they were man and wife, joined together till death, to spend their years and share their good and ill thenceforth in closest union — homely yet sacred. And surely no words of a third person, no revelation of a hitherto unknown division between them, could have steeled Pleasance to wreck her life at one stroke, and cast away her husband and her happiness.

In the mean time the marriage feast, stripped of bride and bridegroom, like the play of " Hamlet " enacted without the

Prince of Denmark, having surmounted its hard deprivation, and being enlivened, instead, by the recollection of the late striking scene in the church, and the further excitement which it foreboded, was going on so briskly that Joel Wray left the house without observation.

Even after the lapse of another hour old Miles Plum was still struggling with the necessity of drinking the toast of the day, and the exceeding awkwardness and positive obstacle attendant on drinking that or any other toast, when the good wishes of the company, which should have been addressed to the principals, must be spoken to blank air and recoil on the head of the well-wishers.

Phillis was yet intent on supplying the exhaustless wants of Ned and Dorky Thwaite, and on sending messes to the attendants on Mrs. Balls, as she dozed on her bed. The bailiff had gone straight home, half in dudgeon, half in dismay.

Pleasance had time to rally and recover herself, to take off her white gown and put it away out of her sight, as one lays aside the relics of the dead. In her ordinary dress, with only the wanless of her face to indicate that within that day it had burned with shame and pain and passion, she prepared to resume her post in Mrs. Balls's room, and to account to her kinswoman, when she awoke, for whatever catastrophe had occurred and whatever changes were in store.

From The Edinburgh Review.

MORESBY'S "NEW GUINEA AND POLYNESIA."*

In a recent number we reviewed the wonderful story which that modern Maundeville — Captain Lawson — published about a year ago as to his wanderings in New Guinea. It was a book that spoke for itself, as one of the most daring romances of travel ever concocted. We now call our readers' attention to a work of quite another stamp — a real, honest account of a series of voyages, the result of which has been a great extension of our knowledge as to the south-east and north-east coasts of New Guinea; not to mention the surveying and ascertaining the true geographical position of many

islands in Torres Straits and the adjacent waters, where the coral formations burst out on the surface in islands like mushrooms in meadows in autumn. Truth, it is well known, is often stranger than fiction; but we can hardly hope that Captain Moresby's modest and sober narrative will prove so fascinating to the general reader as the marvels related by Lawson. There was a reckless disregard of time and space in the one writer which at once places the other, who is bound by those vulgar obstacles the laws of nature, at an immense disadvantage. How can an honest British sailor compete in fiction with a man who, when he lands in New Guinea, puts his foot ashore at a spot which, according to his own observations, is several miles out at sea, and when he quits the island after his wonderful adventures, sails in a Chinese junk, against the north-west monsoon, ten hundred miles in five days? In a word, Lawson's "New Guinea" and Moresby's "Surveys and Discoveries" in that great island are further even than the poles apart, and differ as much as truth does from fiction. On a former occasion we revelled in fiction and found it very amusing. Let us now turn to truth, and see if she, too, when she tells of New Guinea, has not something to say for herself.

It was on the 15th of January, 1871, that H.M.S. "Basilisk," a steamship of ten hundred and thirty-one tons, four hundred horse-power, and five guns, manned by one hundred and seventy-eight officers and men, left Sydney under orders to proceed to Cape York, with horses and stores for that settlement, and to spend three months in the cruise. Touching at Brisbane in Moreton Bay, she proceeded to Cape York by the route inside the Great Barrier Reef, which, as is well known, runs north and south along the coast of what is now the colony of Queensland, for no less a distance than twelve hundred miles. Its distance from the mainland varies from seven to eighteen miles, and though the waters thus protected from the restless surf of the Pacific are everywhere studded with islets, banks, and reefs, they have been admirably surveyed by Owen Stanley and Blackwood; so that relying on his chart the navigator moves inside this great breakwater on a perfect summer sea over calm and transparent water, and while he sails along in security sees the surf and hears the roar of the Pacific thundering against its everlasting wall outside. As the "Basilisk" thus sped on she came upon a strange sail, strange

* *New Guinea and Polynesia. Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux Islands. A Cruise in Polynesia and Visits to the Pearl-Shelling Stations in Torres Straits of H.M.S. Basilisk. By Captain JOHN MORESBY, R.N. London: 1876.*

indeed as the ship of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." With a heavy, water-logged look she swayed slowly up and down upon the swell; her sails were weather-beaten and her ropes slack. Just as they had made up their minds that she must be abandoned, one or two gaunt, wild-looking creatures rose up in the stern, and others were discovered lying on the deck. Boarding the vessel, they found her crew were Solomon Islanders, the remains of one hundred and eighty kidnapped natives, who had been brought to Rewa in Fiji, and thence transferred to the "Peri" — that was the ship's name — for distribution among the islands of that group. The natives were in charge of three white men and a Fijian crew, but during the voyage food ran short, strife arose, the kidnapped natives rose on the crew and threw them overboard, whites and Fijians alike. Then left to themselves, they had drifted helpless and starving for five weeks before the south-east trade-wind, a distance of nearly eighteen hundred miles to the spot where the "Basilisk" found them. Thirteen out of the eighty alone survived — living skeletons, who fumbled at their rusty muskets and vainly tried to point them at the boarding-party. Having buried the dead and fed the living, the "Basilisk" took the "Peri" with her to Cardwell, a newly made Queensland settlement at the top of Rockingham Bay. Except Cape York, this is the most northerly port of the colony; but it does not appear to have been well chosen, and, according to Captain Moresby, has few recommendations for a commercial harbor. There they left the "Peri" under the charge of four men and a midshipman, and went to Cape York, which they reached on the sixteenth of February, anchoring off the settlement of Somerset, which was founded in 1866, under an expectation which has not yet been realized — that from its geographical position it would become another Singapore in importance. At the same time a party of royal marines were landed there as a guard, and, if our memory serves us right, forgotten by the naval authorities, till remonstrances and questions arising at home, they were withdrawn, and Somerset was left to its fate. There were at Somerset on this first visit of the "Basilisk" but six white settlers — the government police magistrate and his boat's crew. Besides these there were fifteen to twenty natives employed either as troopers or pearl-shell divers. The wooden houses were falling into decay, and the gardens

growing wild. Such was the condition of the northernmost settlement in Australia. Here the "Basilisk" safely landed her horses and stores, and went on to survey the islands in Torres Straits, which extend for two hundred miles with a breadth of eighty miles between Cape York and the opposite coast of New Guinea. They are full of rocks and reefs, and though admirably sounded and surveyed by Captain Blackwood and others for a portion of their space, much remained to be done on their northern shores, and especially about the islands adjacent to the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, to which navigators, with one consent, seem to have given a very wide berth. Having done good service in surveying, and having visited the pearl-shell diving-stations, the chief of which is at Warrior Island, the "Basilisk" returned inside the Great Barrier Reef to Cardwell. Of this pearl-shell diving industry it suffices to say that it is principally worked by capital from Sydney, at which port the pearl-shell fetches from 150*l.* to 180*l.* per ton. The divers were partly hired and partly kidnapped, till, as we shall see, legislation mitigated, if it did not entirely stop, that nefarious practice. Mr. Bedford, the manager of the enterprise at Warrior Island, "a rough and ready, but kindly organizer, had succeeded in enlisting the fierce islanders in the service, and the 'Basilisks,' during their visit, saw their formidable war canoes drawn up on the beach, and the six-foot bows requiring muscle as strong as that which shot at Agincourt to draw them" in the hands of men whose forefathers with the same weapons had beaten off a British man-of-war.

At Cardwell, which was reached on March 15th, Captain Moresby found the "Peri" and learnt the sad tidings of the wreck of the "Maria," a crazy old brig of one hundred and sixty-seven tons, on board which several "fine-spirited young men from Sydneay" had embarked on a prospecting expedition to New Guinea, which we may say, once for all, seems to excite the attention of all the enterprising adventurers of the antipodes. Their fate reminds one of what we read in Hackley and Smith and the first pioneers of American colonization. In this case the expedition did not get very far on its way. The adventurers bold on land were feeble at sea; the master was incompetent, and, as we have seen, their vessel crazy. On the morning of February 26th, the "Maria" struck on Bramble

Reef, about thirty miles from Cardwell. It might seem that within so short a distance of a British settlement, escape was easy if they could only reach the land, but those who succeeded in reaching the main were murdered piecemeal by the savages, and to cut this tragical story short, eight emaciated creatures were all that were rescued of the band of seventy-five. These murders by the blacks demanded punishment if the town of Cardwell was to be safe. The camp of the tribe which had committed these murders was therefore surrounded and destroyed, while several of its inmates were shot down by the native troopers, whose ferocity when led by civilized men does not seem to be at all mitigated. On April 6th the "Basilisk" reached Sydney, and her first flight of discovery was over.

At this time the atrocities of the kidnapping system had excited indignation both in the colonies and at home; and in 1872 a local act was passed to restrain the unprincipled owners of vessels, who not only inflicted such evils on the islanders of the South Seas, but by provoking retaliation virtually caused the death of such men as Patteson and Goodenough. That act was not passed when the "Basilisk" sailed from Sydney in May of that year; but her orders were to visit as many groups as possible in the South Seas, and to check kidnapping; working, as Captain Moresby happily expresses it, "with eyes open and hands tied." Any voyage in that direction would seem to be incomplete, unless Norfolk Island was visited, and accordingly on May 26th the "Basilisk" was off that island. It may be described as the abode of all the passive virtues, but according to Captain Moresby, "a development of mental muscle is needed" to make the descendants of the "Bounty" mutineers "energetic, industrious, and persevering." So indolent do they seem, that they had not replaced their signal flag-staff, by which alone communication can be maintained with passing ships, but which had been blown down some time before. After the remonstrances, and by the help of Captain Moresby, this necessary duty was performed. The next island they visited was one of which nothing had been heard since 1832. This was Keppel Island, and it was found to be nothing less than a Garden of Eden inhabited by men "lithe and strong as Apollo," and by women far above the average stature, but with limbs so symmetrical as to give an idea of physical perfection. Their features are

straight and noble, their rich brown skins as soft as satin, and their dark eyes full of expression. By these happy islanders the "Basilisks" were received with charming natural politeness. No wonder that on the very same evening the good ship stood away from such a Capua for Niva or Good Hope Island. Thus they went on from island to island, everywhere hospitably received, and everywhere hearing sad tales of the ruin wrought on them when kidnappers came among them. At Fotuna, Captain Moresby trusted himself in a canoe with native rowers, and was entertained at a banquet by the king, who treated him to a bowl of *ava*, prepared by the usual process of chewing and spitting. When this was over, a young man rose, and like a Belgravian butler called out, "The *ava* is ready!" at which all the natives clapped their hands, while Captain Moresby and his officers awaited the end with some fear. "Who is this for?" said the king's public orator as he passed the bowl: "For the king," and the king quaffed off the cup. Then came the question "Who is this for?" "For the captain" was the dreadful answer. "I had foreseen," says Captain Moresby, "that fate had this honor in store for me, and with no small effort had made up my mind to taste the *ava*." But in spite of the honor and in defiance of the fact that the midshipmen and a French priest drank large draughts of it—for midshipmen at least, if not priests, will drink anything—Captain Moresby found the taste to be more like that of "a mild mixture of rhubarb and magnesia" than anything else! It is a good old saying that what does not poison fattens; the officers of the "Basilisk" were none the worse for their potations, and sailed away on July 30th for a cluster of islands called Mitchell's Group, of which the very existence was doubted. The islands were sighted, and on landing on the principal island the inhabitants were found to be Christians by the efforts of a native missionary from Samoa. They were strikingly clean and very quiet. They numbered seventy souls, but in 1857 they had been four hundred and fifty, all living in peace and plenty. A German among them told Captain Moresby that he was away at Samoa in 1864, and found but fifty worn-out people and children left on his return. The rest had all been swept away by Spanish kidnappers in one day, who carried them in three large barges for the Guano Islands of Peru, and since then no tidings had been heard of them. Thus

the "Basilisk" passed on from island to island, each exceeding the other in loveliness, though in none do they seem to have found that type of perfect physical beauty which had so enchanted them at Keppel Island; on the contrary, at Espiritu Santo they found the women "hideously ugly by nature and fashion," so that it was scarcely necessary to add that the men showed no jealousy of the strangers. So they passed to Santa Cruz in that fatal group where both Patteson and Goodenough perished; to Errromanga, pernicious to missionaries, where two Gordons in succession had recently been murdered by the natives, and where at an earlier date the good John Williams was killed. Here Captain Moresby made a demonstration of his power by landing his marines, and exhibiting some military practice. No wonder that the guilty savages swore never to harm a hair of a white man's head, an oath which we have little doubt they will keep — till the next temptation to break it occurs. On September 6th they reached Tanna, infamous for kidnapping, and where they found on his cotton plantation "one of the most notorious of those lawless men who have been charged with the commission of frightful crimes for procuring laborers, and who yet establish themselves alone on such islands, relying on the terror of their name." He was a big, burly, middle-aged man with a long red beard, and restless blue eyes, and a low square forehead. There he lived, surrounded by gangs of natives who seemed well fed, but holding his life in his hand. Under his very eyes was the grave of his partner, shot nine months before by the natives in an ambush, and he himself walked with difficulty, limping from more than one gunshot wound received from the same hands. At Tanna of course they saw the famous volcano, and then they worked their way to New Caledonia on September 12th, where the "Basilisk" found orders to return to Sydney, which they made on the 24th, having visited fifty-three islands; and so the second flight of the "Basilisk" came happily to an end.

They were not destined to stay long in Port Jackson. On December 8th the "Basilisk" started on another cruise to Torres Straits and New Guinea; and this time, as the Kidnapping Act had come into force, his hands were not tied, for he was expressly ordered to visit the pearl-shell diving-stations, and to make prize of any vessels which should be found transgressing the law. At the same time he was, when off New Guinea, to make in-

quiries as to the fate of Mr. Miklukko Macklay, a Russian naturalist, who, it was known, had landed on that island. On January 2nd, 1873, they again reached Cardwell, and, hastening on to the straits, chased and overhauled two schooners, which were sent as prizes to Sydney. So they passed on capturing other kidnappers, till, on the 18th of the month, they anchored off Somerset, where they fell in with "a lonely waif of society" named Cockerill, who, with his son and two natives, sailed about the South Seas in a tiny vessel of eight tons, collecting specimens of beautiful birds, and especially new species of birds of paradise. Having accomplished his duty in repressing kidnapping, the second portion remained in the survey of Torres Straits and New Guinea. At the very start from Cape York Captain Moresby was fortunate enough to find a splendid harbor in Jarvis' Island, between which and Cape York lie the only channels through Torres Straits. These are not more than two miles wide, and as the coast on each side belongs to England, this country commands the passage of this great ocean highway. On February 11th Captain Moresby approached more closely to New Guinea, that island toward the geography of which it has been his good fortune to contribute so much fresh information. On that day he stood across the Gulf of Papua for Redscar Bay, on the east coast of New Guinea. At this point of the coast there was a station of missionaries, three of whom they found so near death from fever that they had to be removed on board the "Basilisk" without loss of time. As for the natives, they were totally different from the "tall, muscular, fierce-looking, naked black Papuans" of the islands in Torres Straits. They were more of the Malay type — small and lithe copper-colored people, with clear-cut features, and a pleasing expression of countenance. They were wholly unarmed, and gave the "Basilisks" a hearty welcome. The name of the settlement was called Towton, and it lies on the shore of an estuary formed by the confluence of many streams. One of these, which he named the Usborne River, Captain Moresby determined to explore; but here he was much, and we should add, needlessly, crippled by his Admiralty orders, which only allowed him six weeks for his cruise in these waters, three of which had already expired. Besides exploring the river, Captain Moresby was anxious to examine the almost unknown coast of New Guinea farther to the east-

ward, the outline of which had been traced from a distance by Captain Owen Stanley twenty-five years before, and had never since been visited by white men.

To begin with the river. This he explored by boat, finding that it has a rapid current, about one hundred yards wide, with an average depth of twelve feet. It is not a pleasant river. The banks are black, fetid mud, out of which spring tall, melancholy mangrove trees. It was in vain to try to penetrate this jungle laterally, so they toiled on, drinking at nightfall doses of quinine, and cruelly tormented with mosquitos. Next day they passed the mangrove fringe, and the banks became more open, and afforded glimpses into a forest, in which huge palms and breadfruit-trees and tree-ferns flourished. Parrots and cockatoos and pigeons abounded, as well as great storks, but no four-footed animals; and though there might have been alligators in those waters, they were not so fortunate as to see hundreds at once, as was the good fortune of the veracious Lawson. Towards the end of the day the current grew stronger, and the bed of the river deeper, but their further progress was arrested by a vast floating island, or accumulation of uprooted trees, which bridged the river, which was here sixty feet broad. With this obstacle Captain Moresby's hope of opening a communication with the interior of New Guinea vanished. Turning their boat's head they swiftly glided down with the current, and, reaching Townton, slept at the mission-house.

His next object was the exploration of the coast eastward, and in this he was more successful. The coast of New Guinea, like that of Australia, is fringed with reefs, which form a barrier to the sea beyond. Inside this reef Captain Moresby now proceeded east by boat, leaving the "Basilisk" in Redscar Bay, which is open to the sea. His first object was to find a passage through this reef into which the ship might pass, for Redscar Bay is an open roadstead without a harbor. To his great joy, after two days, he discovered such an opening, and had at the same time the satisfaction of discovering an excellent harbor, to which he gave the name of Port Moresby, after his father, while the passage through the reef he called Basilisk Channel. This discovery was effected by a boat-expedition, during which the "Basilisk" was left in Redscar Bay, while Captain Moresby surveyed the coast for fifty miles to the eastward. For this distance the coast changes

from low mangrove swamps to hilly country backed by higher ranges. Between the hills are fertile valleys, in which villages nestle, while others are built on poles standing far out into the sea after the Malay fashion. The natives, who probably now saw white men for the first time, were unarmed, and showed no fear, turning out with their women and children to behold and handle the strangers. It was on the second day of this expedition that Captain Moresby, standing on the mainland at Pyramid Point, at an elevation of six hundred and forty-three feet, beheld the Barrier Reef stretching away like a green ribbon in the blue sea, its edge fringed with a line of snow-white surf. At one point the ribbon was broken in two—a piece of blue untroubled water lay between. That was the break in the reef which he was seeking, and on the following day he ascertained from a visit to the spot that a passage did exist about three-quarters of a mile broad. This led into Port Moresby and Fairfax Harbor, and its importance may be imagined when we state that up to that time the exposed anchorage of Redscar Bay had been the only known shelter for ships on the entire south coast of New Guinea east of Torres Straits. After this discovery the boats returned to the ship to pilot her outside the reef to the channel which was to be called after her name; and so the good ship was coned by her commander through Basilisk Channel, and passing over the still waters of Port Moresby anchored in five fathoms of water in the land-locked Fairfax Harbor, much to the wonder of the natives, who flocked on board in hundreds, chattering like monkeys. Their arms were of stone and wood, and they would not look at hoop-iron, the common article of barter with savages in the South Seas. The women started back at the reflection of their faces in a looking-glass, and, very unlike their civilized sisters, refused to look a second time. As for a watch, they regarded it as something alive—an insect probably, and would not touch it. All their agriculture, which was considerable, was done with stone adzes, only capable of penetrating the soil for about four inches. Very different indeed these from Captain Lawson's natives, whom he found smoking tobacco-pipes and wearing trousers; nor was the grass at all equal to his, though Captain Moresby describes it as "shoulder high," and says, "If we had possessed an army of Irish scythes and an English market, we might have cut down our fortune;" a remark in which we quite agree

with him, judging from the price which meadow hay is fetching, and is likely to fetch in England this year. Having completed the survey of the east coast for one hundred miles to Cape Hood, Captain Moresby succeeded in bringing the "Basilisk" back to Redscar Bay by the inner passage. It was an anxious experiment, but the ship never touched. With pardonable pride the discoverer of Port Moresby contrasts the insecurity of Redscar Bay with the safety of his new harbor, and adds, "Was it any wonder that we were all inclined to exult a little?" After making a second unsuccessful attempt to penetrate into the interior of the island by another stream which runs into the estuary in Redscar Bay, Captain Moresby returned to Somerset on March 5th. Here he had expected to receive orders from the admiral as to his further movements, but none came. Two months, till June 1st, now lay at Captain Moresby's disposal, and these, as we shall see, he made use of to very good purpose.

After visiting the pearl-shelling stations, and finding all right in them, under the working of the Kidnapping Act, Captain Moresby again made for New Guinea, part of his instructions, as we have seen, having been to ascertain the fate of the Russian naturalist. It was rather like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay to seek for a lone man in one of the largest islands in the world; but Captain Moresby did ultimately find him, though not till he had discovered much more. His first point on the New Guinea coast was Yule Island, a little to the west of Redscar Bay, and where, from the mass of drift-wood off the coast, it seemed likely that a large river — that Eldorado of New Guinea discoverers — flowed into the sea. On April 7th they anchored off Yule Island, between which and the mainland they soon discovered a sheltered harbor, where hundreds of vessels might lie, and which they named Robert Hall Sound, "after the secretary of the Admiralty." It lies in lat. 9° N. and long. $146^{\circ} 3m.$ E. At the head of the harbor two rivers issue, one the Hilda, a rapid stream, with too swift a current to be ascended by row-boats; the other, Ethel River, is a sluggish stream, eighty or one hundred yards wide, and twelve feet deep, flowing through a continuous mangrove swamp for ten miles, where it divided into several arms leading to nowhere in particular. Its banks were monotonous in the extreme, and flying foxes and a few parrots the only animals seen. Here they found the natives

friendly though shy, and very jealous of letting the strangers see their women and children. They had no conception of the use of iron, and would not barter their handsome stone implements for axes, and when the superiority of metal to stone was shown by cutting and chopping branches, they smiled incredulously and preferred their own rude instruments. When a gun was fired and they beheld the hole made by the ball, their fear increased, and they made signs that they wished such dangerous strangers to depart. They are of the Malay type, but less in stature, coarser in feature, thicker-lipped, and with less hair, which the men wear frizzed out into a mop, while the women cut theirs short. On the whole they were not such interesting savages as those at Port Moresby, and evidently more suspicious and less friendly in their dispositions. Perhaps they had already some acquaintance with what is called "civilized man," that type of humanity who is often so uncivilized in his dealings with savages.

And now we have reached the great feature of Captain Moresby's book, to which all that we have already narrated was preliminary. He seems to have been drawn towards New Guinea by a kind of fascination; and not he alone, but what may be called the Australian public, by which, before the "Basilisk" left Sydney, the exploration of the unknown south-east coast of that island had been publicly discussed. Rightly or wrongly, the antipodean mind seems to consider that the possession of New Guinea is a necessity to Australia, and that Russian, French, and Italian travellers are exploring an island which, from its proximity and strategical importance, if occupied at all, ought to be occupied by Great Britain. In these views Captain Moresby frankly tells us he agreed. "I deeply felt," he says, "the importance of forestalling any attempts of other nations to establish a claim to this great island, knowing that foreign possession might lead to complications, and feeling that the development of the great Australian empire would be cramped in the future should its progress be arrested in the north." These were Captain Moresby's political and international views; whether they are sound remains to be proved, and also whether Australia has not enough already on her hands, without stretching them out to grasp one of the longest and most straggling islands on the face of the globe; not to mention the fact that the Dutch at one end of it at least have long since asserted a right of occu-

pation. It is probable that the political necessities of Australia may be satisfied by the occupation of the south-east extremity of New Guinea, which is situate so close to Cape York, which, colonially speaking, belongs to Queensland. To this portion we may be said to have a claim of discovery after the explorations of Captain Moresby; and if that healthy region be occupied on account of its strategical importance, we may very well leave the mangrove swamps of the south-west coast, and even Captain Lawson's fabulous Houtree, to the tender mercies of the Dutch and other nationalities. Having disposed of this rather questionable subject, we return to another reason given by Captain Moresby for his operations, and one which strikes us as much more legitimate for the commander of a British ship sent out on a surveying expedition. "I desired," he says, "to secure for England the honor due to a country which had sent Cook, and Dampier, and Owen Stanley to these seas, by filling in the last great blank remaining in their work, and laying down the unknown outlines of east New Guinea on the map of the world." This was a great object, but the means at his disposal were very small. He had barely two months in which to accomplish it, besides finding the Russian naturalist, and he was cramped by his orders, which confined him to the eastern limit of 148° E. long., just the longitude of Port Moresby. It was fortunate that his own good sense, and a paragraph in those orders, which allowed him under certain circumstances to break them, enabled him after all to carry out his purpose. We have no doubt that some people, who, reckoning up the various surveying expeditions in the South Seas and Australian waters, will say, "Why has not New Guinea been long since explored? Is there any part of its seaboard still to be discovered?" The exclamation may be natural, but the inference implied in it is false. Bougainville, D'Entrecasteaux, D'Urville, and Captain Owen Stanley, had all seen what they took to be the eastern extremity of New Guinea, but they gave its coral reefs too wide a berth, and did not approach near enough to define the outline of the land. Even the "Blanche," the year before, had approached the eastern shore of New Guinea from E.N.E., but, falling on dangerous shoals, had anchored thirty-four miles from the nearest point of the mainland, and retraced her steps the following day, reporting that the south-east extremity of New Guinea was formed of a number of

high islands. It is the glory of Captain Moresby, that by resolutely grappling with the land he has really discovered the geographical configuration of the east end of New Guinea and its adjacent islands. Some of these islands had been previously laid down as the mainland, while portions of the mainland appear on charts as islands. The reader who wishes really to see what the state of geographical knowledge was before the explorations of the "Basilisk" should look at the map contained in this volume. He will there see how completely the configuration of this portion of the island had been mistaken by previous discoverers. Indeed we know of no greater instance of false surveying, except that Antarctic Continent, discovered by the American Commodore Wilks, which was sailed over by the "Challenger" on her recent voyage.

It is to the credit of Captain Moresby that he has now accurately laid down several hundred miles of a coast which before only existed in imagination; nor is this the case with New Guinea alone. It is equally true of the D'Entrecasteaux Islands beyond the South-east Cape, which, though named after that navigator, were never visited by him, and were so unknown to the scientific world, that in the sailing directions supplied to the "Basilisk" it was suggested that they would probably be found not to be islands at all, but an integral part of New Guinea. If we ask why it is that previous navigators have left the geography of the south-east end of New Guinea in such a nebulous state, it will be found in the fact that the approach to the island from that quarter is guarded by the enormous coral barrier called the Louisiade Reef, which extends from Teste Island to the east for two hundred miles, and is beaten by continual surf, and exposed for eight months in the year to the S.E. monsoon, besides being beset by strong and baffling currents. Then, again, the natives were supposed to be peculiarly ferocious, so that Bougainville, even in his distressed condition, preferred to beat to windward, round the entire Louisiade group, rather than seek a passage round New Guinea on his way to the Dutch settlements. Should such a passage be found through the Louisiade Reef, the navigation between Australia and north-east New Guinea would be opened up, and a far shorter route between Australia and China would be discovered. Captain Moresby had a conviction that such a passage existed, just as he had found Basilisk Passage

through the reef off the south coast of New Guinea; and strong in this feeling, he steered on April 9th for Teste Island, twenty-two miles from the then supposed south-eastern extremity of New Guinea. This island had been sighted, but not visited, by Captain Owen Stanley. It was found to be fertile, and inhabited by a race who, though cannibals, were not otherwise offensive. They had never seen white men, and when coaxed on board were ludicrously afraid of sheep, which they thought a ferocious animal. Hoop-iron here was in great demand, but even cocked-hats, manufactured out of newspapers, for a time had their value. "The good feeling shown to us by these poor savages," says Captain Moresby, "was an unspeakable comfort to me for every reason; not the least being that any hostility on their part would have hindered, or even stopped, our work." That work was more serious than the contemplation of any savages, however interesting, and Captain Moresby now prepared to accomplish it by climbing to the top of Teste Island, six hundred feet high, and taking a good survey of the New Guinea coast. Here he had an experience something like Captain Lawson's. The hill seemed covered with a velvet sward of emerald grass, but on closer acquaintance the grass turned out to be coarse, sharp-edged, and prickly; it was also from ten to fourteen feet high. Through this the party had to force their way, the leader throwing himself bodily forward and pressing down the grass by his dead weight, while the rest followed, each becoming leader in his turn. This was such hard work that one, at least, of the party gave in; the rest, after two hours' toil, stood at the top, with clothes torn to tatters and lacerated skins. But what of that? a glorious prospect rewarded them. There lay the south-east end of New Guinea, with its great mountain chain, cleft suddenly in twain by a bright blue thread that lay across it. That was enough to indicate that water lay between them and the true south-east extremity of the island. This happened on Good Friday, and resulted in the discovery of Fortescue Straits, cutting off nearly fourteen miles of New Guinea, and forming them into Moresby Island. Thus one channel round the great island was opened, but more remained behind. By a boat-expedition it was discovered that between Fortescue Straits and the main there was yet another island, and another and safer channel. The island was named after the "Basilisk," and the channel, the future

highway to Asia, China Strait. To these discoveries were added Hayter Island and Heath Island, the latter of which affords a fine prospect of a great rounded bluff, which dips from a height of two thousand feet into the blue waters of the strait. This is the majestic termination of the Owen Stanley Range, called after that enterprising and lamented discoverer, and, at the same time, the south-easternmost foreland of New Guinea. Feeling all the importance of these discoveries, Captain Moresby resolved to occupy the new territories in a formal manner, and thus to annex them to the British dominions. On April 24th, 1873, the British flag was hoisted on the trunk of a tall cocoanut-tree, on Hayter Island, under salutes and a guard of honor, while the following proclamation was read:—

I, John Moresby, captain in the royal navy, commanding H.M.S. "Basilisk," having discovered three considerable islands, from henceforth to be known as Moresby, Hayter, and Basilisk Islands, off the east coast of New Guinea, together with various groups of detached islets; and deeming that the possession of these islands may hereafter prove of considerable importance, do hereby, by right of discovery, take possession of all the aforesaid islands and islets within the parallels of $10^{\circ} 25'm.$ and $10^{\circ} 40'm.$ south latitude, and between the meridians of $150^{\circ} 35'm.$ and $151^{\circ} 20'm.$ east longitude, in the name and on behalf of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors; in token whereof I have hoisted and saluted the British flag on the shores of these islands.

While these important proceedings were going on, the few natives, the aboriginal lords of the soil, looked on with amazement, little guessing how much they were concerned in them. The salute and cheers of the "Basilisks" drove them off in terror to the bush, whence they will one day emerge to find that the ownership of the soil passed away from them on that memorable day. When the "Basilisk" doubled the grim foreland which looks down on China Strait, she opened a great bay, which was named Milne Bay, after a well-known lord of the Admiralty, and beyond that arrived at the true East Cape of New Guinea. By this time the term allotted to Captain Moresby by his instructions had more than expired, and geographically he had far exceeded his limits. The "Basilisk" therefore returned to Somerset, whence she started on May 24th, bidding that unpromising settlement what every one on board thought would be an eternal farewell. On June 21st she

reached Brisbane, and on July 2nd was safe at Sidney, where the ship was thronged with the curious anxious to hear the last news of New Guinea, the golden island of their expectations. No wonder the sailors found a ready bargain for their lumber dead and alive. A New Guinea pig in particular was sold at once for 5*l.*, immediately shaved by its new owner, painted in stripes of many colors, and otherwise decorated. It was then exhibited as the "wonderful New Guinea pig," brought by "H.M.S. Basilisk," at a charge of sixpence a head, with a result, adds Captain Moresby, which answered the most sanguine expectations of the spirited purchaser.

But besides the ignorant public, others in authority took an interest in Captain Moresby's discoveries, and his wish to return to England by the route which he claimed to have discovered was agreed to with the somewhat niggardly stipulation that his surveys on the New Guinea coast were not to exceed *six weeks*. This leave came to the "Basilisk" while she was at New Zealand, and whence she could scarcely be spared; but at last, all obstacles overcome, the "Basilisk," now accompanied by the schooner "Sandfly," sailed from Sydney, whither she had gone to refit, on February 1, 1874. Their first week at sea was delayed by contrary winds and strong currents, and it was not till February 17th that they neared Teste Island, which they reached on the 20th; the only accident on the way being that Mr. Mudge, the cheery boatswain, fell overboard in a heavy sea, and was nearly drowned, being only rescued by the exertions of a gallant boat's crew. Though six weeks were all that the instructions allowed Captain Moresby to spend on the prosecution of his survey round the East Cape of New Guinea and along its unknown northern shore, he wisely resolved to begin his operations by a trigonometrical survey of the space between Teste Island and East Cape, and to decide, once for all, whether an available entrance to the new route existed both for large steamers and sailing vessels. The year before we have seen that he first thought Fortescue Strait was the real road to China; then he changed his preference to China Strait; but the result of his survey in 1874 convinced him that the true channel was round the east end of Moresby Island, between Grant and Shortland Islands, as may be seen more clearly on the map. This fact established, Captain Moresby paid his first visit to the D'Entrecasteaux group, the existence of

which as islands he settled beyond all doubt. They culminated in mountains seven thousand feet high, and though hitherto untrodden by civilized man, the "Basilisks" found the inhabitants friendly and communicative. The rest of the time allowed by the Admiralty was spent in surveying and laying down the accurate position of several bays and headlands and islands at the east end of New Guinea and the D'Entrecasteaux group. On April 27th the "Basilisk's" head was turned towards the westward to complete a running survey of the unknown north-east coast of New Guinea. This was also the way home, and was welcomed by the crew, who had undergone great hardships, and were for the most part attacked by fever of a mild type, which, though not positively dangerous, was prostrating.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the northern and the southern shores of New Guinea. On the latter there is no outlying barrier reef; the shores, instead of shelving outwards, are steep to, and the mountains run down to the coast. There are few harbors, but several open anchorages. Speaking generally, the coast here, from East Cape to Cape Cretin, a distance of three hundred miles, is a series of bold headlands running out from twenty to forty miles into the sea, with deep bays between; a configuration which much increased the labor of the exploration. Thus in succession the "Basilisk" discovered and named Goodenough Bay, Ward Hunt's Strait, and Cape Vogel, after the enterprising premier of New Zealand. In succession followed Bentley Bay and Cape Ducie and Chads Bay, and Cape Frere and Cape Bartle, all discovered and named. After Cape Vogel the land trends away W.N.W. for nearly fifty miles, when another lofty promontory runs out for forty miles, and above it a double-peaked mountain rises four thousand feet high. These features were so striking that Captain Moresby resolved to honor them with great names. The cape therefore is Cape Nelson, and the two summits of the mountain are Mounts Victory and Trafalgar, while the great bay above which they culminate is Collingwood Bay. Rounding Cape Nelson they came in contact with the natives, who were quite naked, repulsive-looking beings. They were dark, and wore their hair in long ugly ringlets like pipe-stems. West of Cape Nelson another large bay was discovered, and named after the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The western extremity of this bay, dimly seen by D'En-

trecasteaux, figures in his chart as Cape Sudest, and was supposed to be the south-east extremity of New Guinea, a fact which in itself is sufficient to show what a flood of new light has been thrown on this portion of that island by the voyage of the "Basilisk." On May 7th they reached a point of land in lat. 8° 10m. S. and long. 148° 12m. E., which, on account of the uncertain soundings, was named Cautious Point, but it was worthy of that appellation for another reason; here they fell for the first time on decidedly hostile natives, who met them with war-songs and defiance. Worse than this, they tried to cut off a wooding party which had landed from the ship, and would probably have turned their hands to massacre had not Captain Moresby, with great presence of mind, fired a snap shot at the leading savage. The bullet took effect on his shield, and spun him completely round, but did not wound him. There was no need to fire again, for the whole body of warriors turned at once in consternation, and ran for their canoes, chased down to the beach by the sailors. This bay, which will prove to be one of the best anchorages on the north coast, was named Traitors' Bay on account of the perfidious attempt of the natives.

After Traitors' Bay their surveying work was nearly done; but the "Basilisk" continued her running survey of the coast for two hundred and fifty miles further, as far as Astrolabe Gulf, as it was but slightly known. Between Cape Cretin and Dampier's Cape a grand range of mountains was revealed, which, though not equal to the Mount Hercules of Captain Lawson, lift their heads 11,400 feet above the sea. Two of the grandest peaks close together were named, the one Gladstone and the other Disraeli, and Captain Moresby, in spite of the impartiality with which he assigns his names without respect of party, adds the pious "wish that one of these great antitypes may emerge ere long from the clouds in which he has veiled his lofty brows and front his rival as of old." So they ran along the north coast until, on May 27th, the "Basilisk" reached the eastern extremity of New Guinea, and was only a week's sail from Amboyna. By this time the old ship was in a very rusty condition, and it was necessary to put her into a better state to meet the Dutch men-of-war at Amboyna. These repairs were done in Threshold Bay, forty-six miles south of the equator, in the dominions of the rajah of Salwatti, who is the supreme ruler in those parts. He appeared before

the new arrivals in a twofold capacity, once as a rajah in great pomp, and again later on in the day as a dealer in bird-skins, in which capacity he made such keen bargains that the officers of the "Basilisk" repented of them at their leisure. He was very glad to see the English, as under all the circumstances he well might be, and held the Dutch in small esteem, possibly because they were as keen in their bargains as himself.

On the 30th of May the "Basilisk" finally quitted New Guinea, and on the 2nd of June reached Amboyna, where her officers and crew met with every attention from the Dutch. Captain Moresby had now accomplished all his instructions except one. He had suppressed kidnapping, surveyed Torres Straits, and in spite of the Admiralty, turned over an entirely new page in the discovery of New Guinea; but he had not discovered the Russian naturalist, Miklukko Macklay, concerning whose fate he had been ordered to make all possible inquiry. We have already alluded to the difficulty of such a quest. Miklukko Macklay was not found by Captain Moresby in New Guinea, but he fell upon him at Amboyna, whither he had been brought by a Russian frigate sent specially for the purpose from Astrolabe Bay. He was in a deplorable state of health, and had not penetrated into the interior. He described the Papuans of that part of the island as quiet and inoffensive. He had never heard of wars or fightings, and in this respect his experiences seem to confirm those of Captain Moresby.

Of the remaining voyage of the "Basilisk" little remains worthy of narration. On the 29th of June she reached Singapore, and on the 19th of December her pennant was pulled down at Sheerness, after an eventful commission which had lasted thirty-three days short of four years.

The remainder of Captain Moresby's book is devoted to a supplementary chapter on "our duty to New Guinea," and to another exposing the fallacies of Captain Lawson. The latter we may leave to confute himself. It is twice slaying the slain to anatomize his statements with the cruel particularity which Captain Moresby's experiences enable him to bring to bear on that geographical romance. But as for "our duty to New Guinea," we have already intimated that we do not agree with Captain Moresby as to the paramount necessity of immediately seizing and occupying that immense island. So far from there being any fear that other nations

will rush in, this very voyage of the "Basilisk," which has circumnavigated about three-quarters of the island, shows that there is absolutely no foreign interference in the affairs of the Papuans. Even the Dutch, who have been for centuries trying to establish themselves at the western end close to their settlements in the Spice Islands, have accomplished nothing, and the rajah of Salwatti is independent in Threshold Bay, under their very noses. All that their interference has brought about is to bring them rather into disrepute. We observe by the latest maps that they still claim about half the island, but it is easy to claim, and very hard to occupy. As for the journeys of naturalists like the Russian Miklukko Macklay and the Italians D'Albertis and Beccari, they are purely scientific, and not connected with any dynastic influences. If we add to this that a great portion of the south coast is little better than a continuous mangrove swamp and proverbially malarious, while the natives in the north, as in Traitors' Bay, are ferocious and hostile, besides being numerous, we think, that, for some time to come, our duty to New Guinea is to let it alone. The "Challenger" when she touched a year ago at Port Humboldt on the north-east coast, found the savages "in all their native and naked grandeur," armed with spears and bows, and standing with arrows drawn to the head against landing-parties. The day may arrive when, as the Tyber overflowed into the Orontes, so Australia, filled with a superabundant population, will throw herself for sheer want of room on New Guinea; but that day is, humanly speaking, ages off; and it will be time enough to consider the question when it arises. We say this with the highest respect for Captain Moresby's geographical discoveries, and for the patience with which he has carried out his explorations in the New Guinea waters in the face of many obstacles. It is only with his political and annexing notions that we are inclined to quarrel; let him be content with having advanced geographical knowledge, not one step, but many steps. Those steps of science can never be retraced. They never lead back, but ever onward. But political speculations on the future destiny of New Guinea are uncertain and likely to prove illusory, for the very good reason that they are based on hazy speculations and ardent anticipations which rest on no surer basis than the lively imaginations out of which they have sprung. It will be quite enough for England and

Australia if the new highway to China, which Captain Moresby has undoubtedly discovered, be made secure by the occupation of a cape or an island or two which command the channel through the Louisiade Reef; but as for the colonization and occupation of New Guinea, they are likely to burn the fingers of any power that attempts them.

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CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII. THE CATASTROPHE.

JAMES BERESFORD was not brave. He was very kind and tender and good; but he had not courage to meet the darker emergencies of life. He felt as he rushed down-stairs from his wife's presence that he had but postponed the evil day, and that many another dreadful argument on this subject, which was not within the range of arguing, lay before him. What could he say to her? He felt the abstract justice of her plea. A hopeless, miserable, lingering, loathsome disease, which wore out even love itself, and made death a longed-for relief instead of a calamity. What could he say when she appealed to him to release her from that anguish of waiting, and hasten the deliverance which only could come in one way? He could not say that it would be wicked or a sin; all that he could say was, that he had not the courage to do it—had not the strength to put her away from him. Was it true, he asked himself, that he would rather watch out her lingering agonies than deprive himself of the sight of her, or consent to part with her a day sooner than he must? Was it himself he was thinking of alone, not her? Could he see her anguish and not dare to set her free? He knew that, in the case of another man, he would have counselled the harder self-sacrifice. But he, how could he do it? He rushed out of the house, through the afternoon sunshine, away to the first space he could find near, and struck across the open park, where there was no one to disturb him, avoiding all the pleasant walks and paths where people were. The open space and the silence subdued his excitement; and yet what could really bring him peace? He had no peace to look for—nothing but a renewed and ever-new painful struggle

with her and with himself. Yes, even with himself. If she suffered greatly, he asked, with a shudder, how could he stand by and look on, knowing that he could deliver her? And would not she renew her prayers and cries to him for deliverance? God help him! It was not as if he had made an end of that mad prayer once and forever by refusing it. It would come back — he knew it would come back — hour by hour and day by day.

Oh, how people talk (he thought) of such mysteries when the trouble is not theirs! He himself had argued the question often, in her hearing, even with her support. He had made it as clear as day to himself and to others. He had asked what but cowardice — miserable cowardice — would keep a man from fulfilling this last dread, yet tender service? Only love would dare it — but love supreme, what will that not do, to save, to succor, to help, to deliver? Love was not love which would shrink and think of self. So he had often said with indignant, impassioned expansion of the heart — and she had listened and echoed what he said. All this returned to him as he rushed across the dewy grass, wet with spring rains, and untrodden by any other foot, with London vague in mists and muffled noises all round. Brave words — brave words! he remembered them, and his heart grew sick with self-pity. How did he know it was coming to *him*? How could he think that this case which was so plain, so clear, should one day be his own? God and all good spirits have pity upon him! He would have bidden you to do it, praised you with tears of sympathy for that tremendous proof of love; but himself? He shrank, shrank, contracted within himself; retreated, crouching and slinking, from the house. What a poor cur he was, not worthy the name of man; but he could not do it; it was beyond the measure of his powers.

When he turned to go home the afternoon light was waning. Small heart had he to go home. If he could have escaped anywhere he would have been tempted to do so; and yet he was on the rack till he returned to her. Oh, that heaven would give her that sweet patience, that angelical calm in suffering, which some women have. Was it only religious women who had that calm? He asked himself this question with a piteous helplessness; for neither he nor she had been religious in the ordinary sense of the word. They had been *good* so far as they knew how — enjoying themselves, yet without unkindness, nay, with true friendliness, charity, brotherly-heart-

edness to their neighbors; but as for God, they had known little and thought less of that supreme vague Existence whom they accepted as a belief without knowing him as a person, or desiring to know. And now, perhaps, had their theory of life been different they might have been better prepared for this emergency. Was it so? He could not tell. Perhaps philosophy was enough with some strong natures, perhaps it was temperament. Who can tell how human creatures are moved; who touches the spring, and what the spring is, which makes one rebellious and another submissive, sweet as an angel? He had loved the movement, the variety, the indecency, the very caprice, of his wife, in all of which she was so much herself. Submission, resignedness, were not in that changeable, vivacious, wilful nature; but, oh! if only now the meekness of the more passive woman could somehow get transfused into her veins, the heavenly patience, the soft courage that can meet anguish with a smile. There was Cherry, his faded old maiden sister — had it been she, it was in her to have drawn her cloak over the gnawing vulture, and borne her tortures without a sign of flinching. But even the very idea of this comparison hurt him while it flashed through his mind. It was a slight to Annie to think that any one could bear this horrible fate more nobly than she. Poor Annie! by this time had she exhausted the first shock? Had she forgiven him? Was she asking for him? He turned, bewildered by all his dreary thoughts, and calmed a little by fatigue and silence, to go home once more.

It was getting dusk. As he passed the populous places of the park the hum of voices and pleasant sounds came over him dreamily like a waft of warmer air. He passed through that murmur of life and pleasure, and hurried along to the more silent stony streets among which his square lay. As he approached he overtook Maxwell walking in the same direction, who looked at him with some suspicion. The two men accosted each other at the same moment.

"I wanted to see you. Come with me," said Beresford; and, "What is the matter? Why did you send for me?" the doctor cried.

Then Maxwell explained that a hurried message had come for him more than an hour before, while he was out, and that he was on his way to the square now.

"Has there been any — change?" he said. After this they sped along hurriedly

with little conversation. There seemed something strange already about the house when they came in sight of it. The blinds were down in all the upper windows, but at the library appeared Cara's little white face looking eagerly out. She was looking out, but she did not see them, and an organ-man stood in front of the house grinding out the notes of "*Ah che la morte*," upon his terrible instrument. Cara's eyes and attention seemed absorbed in this. James Beresford opened the door with his latchkey unobserved by any one, and went up-stairs direct, followed by the doctor, to his wife's room.

How still it was! How dark! She was fond of light, and always had one of those tall moon-lamps, which were her favorites; there was no lamp in the room, however, now, but only some twinkling candles, and through the side window a glimmer of chill blue sky. Nurse rose as her master opened the door. She gave a low cry at the sight of him. "Oh, don't come here, sir, don't come here!" she cried.

"Is she angry, still angry?" said poor Beresford, his countenance falling.

"Oh, go away, sir; it is the doctor as we wanted," said the woman.

Meantime Maxwell had pushed forward to the bedside. He gave a cry of dismay and horror, surprise taking from him all self-control. "When did this happen?" he said.

James Beresford pressed forward too, pushing aside the woman who tried to prevent him; and there he saw—what? Not his wife: a pale, lovely image, still as she never was in her life, far away, passive, solemn, neither caring for him nor any one; beyond all pain or fear of pain. "My God!" he said. He did not seem even to wonder. Suddenly it became quite clear to him that for years he had known exactly how this would be.

Maxwell put the husband, who stood stupefied, out of his way; he called the weeping nurse, who, now that there was nothing to conceal, gave free outlet to her sorrow. "Oh, don't ask me, sir, I can't tell you," she said among her sobs. "Miss Carry rung the bell and I came. And from that to this never a word from her, no more than moans and hard breathing. I sent for you, sir, and then for the nearest as I could get. He came, but there was nothing as could be done. If she took it herself or if it was give her, how can I tell? Miss Carry, poor child, she don't know what's happened; she's watching in the library for her papa. The med-

icine-box was on the table, sir, as you see. Oh, I don't hold with them medicine-boxes; they puts things into folk's heads. The other doctor said as it was laudanum, but if she took it, or if it was give her —"

Mr. Maxwell stopped the woman by a touch on her arm. Poor Beresford stood still there, supporting himself by the bed, gazing upon that which was no more his wife. His countenance was like that of one who had himself died; his mouth was open, the under-lip dropped; the eye strained and tearless. He heard, yet he did not hear what they were saying. Later it came back to his mind; at present he knew nothing of it. "God help him!" said the doctor, turning away to the other end of the room. And there he heard the rest of the story. They left the two together who had been all in all to each other. Had he given her the quietus, he who loved her most, or had she taken it? This was what neither of them could tell. They stood whispering together while the husband, propping himself by the bed, looked at her. At *her*? It was not her. He stood and looked and wondered, with a dull aching in him. No more—he could not go to her, call her by her name. A dreary, horrible sense that this still figure was some one else, a something new and unknown to him, another woman who was not his wife, came into his soul. He was frozen by the sudden shock; his blood turned into ice, his heart to stone. Annie! oh, heaven, no; not *that*; not the marble woman lying in her place. He was himself stone, but she was sculptured marble, a figure to put on a monument. Two hours of time—light, frivolous, flying hours—could not change flesh and blood into *that*; could not put life so far, and make it so impossible. He did not feel that he was bereaved, or a mourner, or that he had lost what he most loved; he felt only a stone, looking at stone, with a dull ache in him, and a dull consternation, nothing more. When Maxwell came and took him by the arm he obeyed stupidly, and went with his friend, not moving with any will of his own, but only because the other moved him; making no "scene" or terrible demonstrations of misery. Maxwell led him down-stairs, holding him by the arm, as if he had been made of wood, and took him to the library, and thrust him into a chair, still in the same passive state. It was quite dark there, and Cara, roused from her partial trance of watching at the window, stumbled down from her chair at the sight of them, with a cry of

alarm, yet relief, for the lamps outside had beguiled the child and kept her from perceiving how dark it had grown till she turned round. No one had thought of bringing in the lamp, of lighting the candles, or any of the common offices of life in that house where death had so suddenly set up his seat. The doctor rang the bell and ordered lights and wine. He began to fear for James: his own mind was agitated with doubts, and a mingled severity and sympathy. He felt that whatever had happened he must find it out; but whatever had happened, how could he do less than feel the sentiment of a brother for his friend? He did not take much notice of the child, but stooped and kissed her, being the friend of the house, and bade her go to her nurse in a softened, tender tone. But he scarcely remarked that Cara did not go. Poor child, who had lost her mother! but his pity for her was of a secondary kind. It was the man whom he had to think of—who had done it, perhaps—who, perhaps, was his wife's innocent murderer—yet whom, nevertheless, this good man felt his heart yearn and melt over. When the frightened servant came in, with red eyes, bringing the wine, Maxwell poured out some for the chief sufferer, who sat motionless where he had placed him, saying nothing. It was necessary to rouse him one way or other from this stupefaction of pain.

"Beresford," he said curtly, "listen to me; we must understand each other. Is it you who have done this? Be frank with me—be open. It is either you or she herself. I have never met with such a case before; but I am not the man to be hard upon you. Beresford! James! think, my dear fellow, think; we were boys together; you can't suppose I'll be hard on you."

"She asked me—she begged of me," said Beresford slowly. "Maxwell, you are clever, you can do wonders."

"I can't bring those back that have gone—there," said the doctor, a sudden spasm coming in his throat. "Don't speak of the impossible. Clever—God knows! miserable bunglers, that is what we are, knowing nothing. James! I won't blame you; I would have done it myself in your place. Speak out; you need not have any reserves from me."

"It isn't that. Maxwell, look here; they've spirited my wife away, and put that in her place."

"God! he's going mad," said the doctor, feeling his own head buzz and swim.

"No," was the answer, with a sigh.

"No, I almost wish I could. I tell you it is not her. You saw it as well as I. That my wife? Maxwell—"

"It is all that remains of her," said the doctor sternly. "Mind what I say; I must know; no more of this raving. Did you do it? Of course she asked you, poor soul!" (Here the doctor's voice wavered as if a gust of wind had blown it about.) "She never could endure the thought of pain; she asked you—it was natural: and you gave her—opium?"

"Nothing. I dared not," he said with a shiver. "I had not the courage. I let her plead; but I had not the courage. What! put her away from me, willingly? how could I do it? Yes, if she had been in a paroxysm; if I had seen her in agony; but she was calm, not suffering, and she asked me to do it in cold blood."

"What then?" The doctor spoke sternly, keeping the tone of authority to which in his stupefied state poor Beresford appeared to respond. Cara from a corner looked on with wide-open eyes, listening to everything.

"Nothing more," he said, still sighing heavily. "It was more than I could bear. I rushed away. I went out to calm myself—to try and think; and I met you, Maxwell; and now—"

He lifted his hands with a shuddering gesture. "That is all—that is all! and this desolate place is my—home; and that is—Annie! No, no! Maxwell, some of your doctors—your cruel doctors—have taken her away to try their experiments. Oh, say it is so, and I'll thank you on my knees."

"Be quiet, Beresford! Try and be a man. Don't you see what I have got to do? If it was not you, it was herself. I don't blame her, poor soul, poor soul! the thought of all she had to go through made her mad. Be silent, man, I tell you! We must not have her branded with the name of suicide, James," cried the doctor, fairly sobbing. "Poor girl, poor girl! it is not much wonder if she was afraid; but we must not let them say ill of her now she is gone. I remember her before you married her, a lovely creature; and there she is, lying—but they must not speak ill of her. I'll say it was—Yes, if it's a lie I can't help that—my conscience will bear it—there must not be talk, and an inquest. Yes, that's what I'll say."

"An inquest!" said the wretched husband, waking up from his stupor with a great cry.

"I'll take it upon myself," said Maxwell, going to the writing-table. Then he saw

Cara leaning out of her chair towards them with great strained wide-open eyes.

"Cara! have you heard all we were saying?"

"I don't understand, I don't understand!" said the child with sudden sobs. "What have you done to my mamma?"

The door of the library opened softly, and they all started as if at the approach of a new calamity.

"If you please, sir," said John, addressing Maxwell with natural recognition of the only source of authority, "I came to see if you wouldn't have some dinner — and master —"

With a moan, Beresford hid his face in his hands. Dinner must be, whosoever lives or dies — if the world were breaking up — if hope and love had failed forever. John stood for a moment against the more powerful light of the gas in the hall, for his answer, and then not getting any, he had the grace to steal quietly away.

But this wonderful intrusion of the outer ordinary life disturbed the melancholy assembly. It roused Beresford to a sense of what had befallen him. He got up and began to pace up and down the long room, and Cara's sobs broke the silence, and Maxwell at the table, with a spasm in his throat, compiled the certificate of the death. In what medical form he put it I cannot tell; but he strained his conscience and said something which would pass, which nobody could contradict; was not that enough? "I hope I may never do anything more wicked," he said, muttering to himself. The nurse came to call the child, which was the first thing that had seemed natural to Cara in the whole miserable day's proceedings. She did not resist the command to go to bed, as they had all resisted the invitation to dine. She got up quickly when nurse called her, glad of something she was used to.

"It's the only place as we're all fit for," said nurse, with a sigh of weariness; "your poor papa, Miss Carry, as well as the rest." Then she turned to the gentlemen with a touch of natural oratory. "What is the use of talking," she said; "I'm one as has loved her since first she drew breath. She was my child, she was; and look you here, I'm glad — her old nurse is glad. I'll not cry nor make no moan for her," said nurse, the tears running down her cheeks. "I'd have give her that dose myself if the darling had asked me; I would, and never have trembled. I'd have done it and stood up bold and told you I done it, and I don't blame

her. She's seen what it was, and so have I."

"Nurse, you are a good woman," said the doctor, coming hastily forward and grasping her hand. "Nurse, hold your tongue, and don't say a word. Don't let those idiots talk down-stairs. I'm ready to give them the reason of it whoever asks. I did not know it would come on so quick when I left to-day; but I know what it is that has carried her off. It was to be expected, if we hadn't all been a parcel of fools."

Nurse looked him anxiously in the face. "Then it wasn't — it wasn't — Ah!" she added, drawing a long breath, "I think I understand."

"Now, hold your tongue," he said curtly, "and stop the others. You are a sensible woman. My poor little Cara, good-night."

"Don't speak to him," nurse whispered, drawing the child away. "Leave your poor papa alone, darling. God help him, he can't say nothing to you to-night. Here's Sarah coming to put you to bed, and glad I'd be to be there too: it's the only place as we're fit for now."

Sarah, who was waiting outside, had red eyes overflowing with tears. She hugged the little girl and kissed her, bursting out into fits of subdued crying. But Cara's own sobs were stilled and over. Her head ached with bewildering pain; her mind was full of confused bewildering thoughts.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSOLATION.

"THIS is indeed an affliction, dear Miss Beresford. We came up directly we heard of it; I would not let a moment pass. Oh, how little we know! We were thinking of your poor niece as having returned from her foreign tour; as being about to enter upon the brilliant society of the season. I don't know when I have received such a shock; and my poor Maria, her feelings were almost beyond control; but she would not stay away."

"I thought she would come," said Miss Charity. "Maria always likes to get news from the fountain-head, and to see how people are bearing their troubles. Yes, my dear, I am bearing mine very well, as you see. Poor Annie! she was only my niece by marriage after all. At my age one sees even one's own nieces, women with families, die without great trouble. It may sound hard, but it's true. When a woman is married, and has her own children about her, you can't but feel that

she's less to you. It's dreadful for *them*; but, so far as you are concerned, you lost her long ago."

"Oh, dear Miss Beresford, you like to pretend you are calm, to hide how soft-hearted you are. But we know you better than that. I myself, though I knew (comparatively) so little of poor Mrs. James —"

"And I thought you did not like each other, so it is all the more kind of you to cry. Cherry will cry too as much as you please, and be thankful for your sympathy. Have you had a pleasant walk? I think the primroses are thicker than ever this spring. We have been sending up basketfuls. She was fond of them —" Here the old lady faltered for a moment. This was the kind of allusion that melted her, not straightforward talk. She was in profound black, a great deal more crape than the dressmaker thought at all necessary, but Miss Charity had her own views on these subjects. "Put double upon me, and take it off the child," she had said, to the wonder of the tradespeople, who felt that the mourning for a niece by marriage was a very different thing from that which was required for a mother. Mrs. Burchell respected her greatly for her crape. She knew the value of it, and the unthriftiness, and felt that this was indeed showing respect.

"We heard it was very sudden at last," said the rector, "that nobody had the least idea—it was a very lingering disorder that she was supposed to have? So we heard, at least. Do you happen to know how the doctors accounted for its suddenness at last? There is something very dreadful to the imagination in so sudden a death."

"I wish I could think I should have as quick an end," said Miss Charity; "but we Beresfords are strong, and die hard. We can't shake off life like that. We have to get rid of it by inches."

"My dear lady," said the rector, "I don't mean to say that I would put any trust in deathbed repentances; but surely it is a privilege to have that time left to us for solemn thought, for making sure that we are in the right way."

"I never think much when I am ill, my dear rector; I can't. I think why the flies buzz so, and I think if I was Martha it would make me unhappy to have such a red nose; and if you came to me, instead of listening to what you said, I should be thinking all the time that your white tie was undone" (here the rector furtively and nervously glanced down, and instinct-

ively put up his hand to feel if the remark was true), "or your coat rusty at the elbows. I say these things at a hazard, not that I ever remarked them," she added, laughing. "You are tidiness itself."

The rector was put out by these chance possibilities of criticism, and could not but feel that Miss Charity's quick eyes must have seen him with his white tie untidy, loosely unfastened, under his beard. He had grown a beard, like so many clergymen, and it was not an improvement. Instead of looking clean, as he once did, he looked black and coarse, a mixture of sea-captain and divine. He kept putting up his hand stealthily all the time he remained, and inviting his wife, with nervous glances, to let him know if all was right. Unfortunately he could not see it under the forest of black beard.

"We heard," said his wife, coming to his relief, "that there was something about an opiate—an over-dose, something of that sort—that poor Mrs. James had taken it without measuring it, or—you know how everything is exaggerated. I was quite afraid, and so glad to see the death in the paper without any inquest or formalities of that kind, which must be so painful. Was there really nothing in the story of the opiate? It is so strange how things get about."

"I don't think it at all strange, Maria. The servants call in a strange doctor, in their fright, who does not know anything about her case or temperament. He hears that she has to take some calming drops to relieve her pain, and of course he jumps in his ignorance to the idea of an overdose. It is the fashionable thing nowadays. It is what they all say —"

"And there was no truth in it?"

"None whatever," said Miss Charity, who, safest of all advocates, implicitly believed what she was saying, not knowing that any doubt had ever existed on the subject. She sat facing them in her new mourning, so freshly, crisply black. Miss Charity knew of no mystery even, and strengthened the delusion with all the genuine force of truth.

The rector and his wife looked at each other. "It shows that one should not believe the tenth part of what one hears," he said. "I was told confidently that poor Mrs. James Beresford held strange ideas about some things."

"That you may be quite sure of, rector. I never knew any one yet worth their salt who did not hold odd ideas about something —"

"Not about fundamentals, my dea-

lady. I am not straitlaced; but there are some matters—on some things, I am sure, none of us would like to give an uncertain sound. Life, for example—human life, is too sacred to be trifled with; but there is a set of speculatists, of false philosophers—I don't know what to call them—sceptics, infidels they generally are, and at the same time radicals, republicans—”

“Ah, politics? I daresay poor Annie was odd in politics. What did it matter? they were not political people. If James had been in Parliament, indeed, as I should like to have seen him—but unfortunately he was a man of fine tastes: that is fatal. A man of fine tastes, who is fond of travelling, and collecting, and rapt up in his wife, will never become a public man, but I should like to have seen James in Parliament. Strange ideas, oh yes, queer to the last degree. If there is anything worse than republicanism (is there?) I should think poor Annie went in for that.”

“That is bad enough, but it is not exactly what I meant,” said the rector; and then he rose up with an air of the deepest conventional respect. “My dear, here is your kind friend, Miss Cherry,” he said.

Mrs. Burchell sprang up at the intimation, and rushed forward with open arms. She had put on a black merino dress instead of her usual silk, and a black shawl, to mark her sense of the calamity—and swallowed up poor slim Miss Cherry in the entanglements of that embrace, with solemn fervor. Cherry had not much sense of humor, and she was too good to pass any judgment upon the sudden warmth of affection thus exhibited; but it was a little confusing and suffocating to find herself without any warning engulfed in Mrs. Burchell's old merino and the folds of her shawl.

“Oh, my dear, dear Cherry, if I could but tell you how I feel for you! How little did we think when we last met—”

“You are very kind,” said Miss Cherry, drawing herself forth somewhat limp and crushed from this embrace. “I am sure you are very kind.” Her lips quivered and the tears came to her eyes; but she was not so overwhelmed as her consoler, who had begun to sob. “It is my poor brother I think of,” said Miss Cherry. “It is little to us in comparison with what it is to him. I think of him most; more than of poor Annie, who is safe out of all trouble.”

“We must hope so, at least,” said the rector, shaking his head, and his wife

stopped sobbing, and interchanged a glance with him, which was full of meaning.

“Poor Mrs. James! It was so sudden. I fear there was no time for preparation—no time even for thought?”

“Men soon get the better of these things,” said Miss Charity, “and the more they feel it at the time the more easily they are cured. Cherry there will think of her longer than her husband will. I don't mean to say your grief's so great, my dear, but it will last.”

“Oh, aunt, you do James injustice. He thought of nothing but Annie. The light of his eyes is gone, and the comfort of his house, and all he cares for in life.”

Here poor Miss Cherry, moved by her own eloquence, began to cry, picturing to herself this dismal future. Nothing at Sunnyhill was changed: the room was as full of primroses as the woods were; great baskets of them mingled with blue violets filled every corner; the sunshine came in unclouded; the whole place was bright. It struck the tender-hearted woman with sudden compunction: “We are not touched,” she said; “we have everything just the same as ever, as bright; but my poor James, in that house by himself; and the child! Oh, Aunt Charity, when I think of him, I feel as if my heart would break.”

Miss Charity took up her work and began to knit furiously. “He will get over it,” she said, “in time. It will be dreadful work at first; but he will get over it. He has plenty of friends, both men and women. Don't upset me with your talk; he will get over it—men always do.”

“And let us hope it will lead him to think more seriously,” said Mrs. Burchell. “Oh, I am sure if you thought my dear husband could be of any use—we all know he has not been what we may call serious, and oh, dear Miss Beresford, would not this affliction be a cheap price to pay for it, if it brought him to a better state of mind?”

“His wife's life? It would be a high price for any advantage that would come to him, I think. Dry your eyes, Cherry, and go and put on your bonnet. This is Mr. Maxwell's day, and you had better go back to town with him.”

“Was it Mr. Maxwell who attended poor Mrs. James? I hope he is considered a clever man.”

“How oddly you good people speak. Do you want to insinuate that he is not a clever man? He takes charge of my health, you know, and he has kept me going long enough. Eh! yes, I am irritable, I suppose; we are all put out. You

good quiet folks, with all your children about, nothing happening to you — ”

“ Indeed, Miss Beresford, you do us great injustice,” said Mrs. Burchell, stung, as was natural, by such an assertion, while the rector slowly shook his head. “ We do not complain; but perhaps if we were to tell all, as some people do. Nothing happening to us! — ah, how little you know.”

“ Well, well, let us say you have a great many troubles; you can feel then for other people. Ah, here is Mr. Maxwell. Don’t talk of me now; don’t think of me, my good man. I am as well—as well—a great deal better than a poor useless woman of nearly threescore and ten has any right to be when the young are taken. How is James?”

The doctor, who had come in by the open window with a familiarity which made the rector and his wife look at each other, sat down by the old lady’s side and began to talk to her. Miss Cherry had gone to put on her bonnet, and by-and-by Mr. and Mrs. Burchell rose to take their leave.

“ I am so glad to hear that, sad as it was, it was a natural death, and one that you expected,” said the rector, taking Maxwell aside for a moment.

“ The doctor stared at him, with somewhat fiery eyes. “ A natural death? Mrs. Beresford’s? What did you expect it to be?”

“ Oh, my dear sir, I don’t mean anything. We had heard very different accounts—so many things are said — ”

“ You should put a stop to them then,” said the other, who was not without temper, and he and Miss Charity paused in their sudden talk as the visitors disappeared, to interchange some remarks about them which were not complimentary.

“ What they can mean by making up such wicked lies, and putting a slur upon her memory, poor child!” said the old lady with a sudden gush of hot tears.

The doctor said something very hotly about “ meddlesome parsons,” and hastily plunged again into descriptions of poor James. The other was not a subject on which he could linger. “ I never saw a man so broken-hearted; they were always together; he misses her morning, noon, and night. Cherry must come to him; she must come at once,” he said, forgetting how long it was since he had spoken of Cherry before by her Christian name. But Miss Charity noticed it with the keen spectator instinct of her age, and ruminated in an undercurrent of thought even while she thought of “ poor James,”

whether Maxwell’s faith in Cherry “meant anything,” or if new combinations of life might be involved in the sequences of that death scene.

The same thought was in the minds of the clerical pair as they went down the hill. “ Will that come to anything?” they said to each other.

“ It is a nice little property,” said the rector, “ and I suppose she will have everything.”

“ But if I was Cherry,” said Mrs. Burchell, “ I should not like to be thrown at his head in that very open way. Going with him to town! It is as good as offering her to him.”

“ She is no longer young, my dear,” said the rector, “ and people nowadays have not your delicacy.”

“ Oh, I have no patience with their nonsense!” she cried; “ and their friendship, forsooth—as if men and women could ever be friends!”

And it is possible that in other circumstances Miss Cherry’s tranquil soul might have owned a flutter at thought of the escort which she accepted so quietly to-day; but she was absorbed with thoughts of her brother and of the possible use she might be, which was sweet to her, notwithstanding her grief. Miss Charity shook her head doubtfully. “ It is not Cherry that will help him,” she said, “ but the child will be the better of a woman in the house.”

Really that was what Mr. Maxwell wanted, a woman in the house; something to speak to, something to refer everything to; something to blame even, if things were not all right. The funeral was over, and all that dismal business which appalls yet gives a temporary occupation and support to the sorrowful. And now the blank of common life had recommenced.

“ Perhaps she will not help him much; but she will be there,” said the doctor. He was glad for himself that a soft-voiced, soft-eyed, pitying creature should be there. There was help in the mere fact, whatever she might say or do.

Cara had been living a strange life through these melancholy days. She had not known, poor child, the full significance of that scene by her mother’s bedside, of which she had been a witness. She did not fully understand even now; but glimmers of horrible intelligence had come to her during that interview in the library, and the things she had heard afterwards from the servants had enlightened her still more. She heard the whispers that circulated among them, terrified whispers,

said half under their breath. That she had done it herself — that she knew, poor dear, what she was doing — that if anything had been known there would have been an inquest, and things would have come out. This was what Cara heard breathing about in half whispers, and which filled her with strange panic, lest her secret should escape her. She knew the secret, and she only. Nobody had questioned her, but the child's impulse to tell had bound her very soul for days after. She had resisted it, though she had felt guilty and miserable to know something which no one else knew; but she had kept her secret. "Don't let us brand her with the name of suicide." These words seemed to ring in her ears night and day. She repeated them over and over to herself. "Don't let us brand her with the name of suicide."

"No, no," poor Cara said to herself, trembling; "no, no :" though this premature and horrible secret weighed down her heart like a visible burden. Oh, if she could but have told it to nurse, or to Aunt Cherry; but she must not, not even to papa. When her aunt arrived, it was mingled torture and relief to the poor child. She clung round her with sobs, longing so to tell; but even to cling and to sob was consolatory, and Aunt Cherry wanted no explanation of that unusual depth of childish distress. "Cara was not like other children," she said to herself. She had feelings which were deeper and more tender. She was "sensitive," she was "nervous." She was more loving than the ordinary children, who cry one moment and forget the next. And kind Cherry, though her own grief was of the milder, secondary kind, as was natural, had always tears of sympathy to give for the grief of others. She took the little girl almost entirely into her own care, and would talk to her for hours together; about being "good," about subduing all her little irritabilities, in order to please mamma, who was in heaven, and would be grieved in her happiness to think that her child was not "good." Cara was greatly awed and subdued by this talk. It hushed her, yet set her wondering; and those conversations were sometimes very strange ones, which went on between the two in their melancholy and silent hours.

"Does everybody go to heaven who dies?" said Cara, with awe-stricken looks.

Miss Cherry trembled a little, having some fear of false doctrine before her eyes. "Everybody, I hope, who loves

God. There are bad people, Cara; but we don't know them, you and I."

"Who love God; but I never think of God, Aunt Cherry. At least, I do now; I wonder. But if they did not do that, would they still go to heaven all the same?"

"God loves us, dear," said Cherry, with the tears in her soft eyes. "Fathers and mothers love their children, whether their children love them or not. That is all we know."

"Whatever they do? if they even laugh, and go wrong? Yes," said Cara, very thoughtfully, "I suppose papa would not send me away, out into the dark, if I did ever so wrong."

"I am sure he would not; but you must not think of such things, dear; they are too difficult for you. When you are older, you will understand better," Cherry said, faltering, and with something in her heart which contradicted her; for did not the child "understand" better than she?

Then Cara started another difficulty, quite as appalling; facing it with innocent confidence, yet wonder: "What sort of a place," she asked softly, looking up with her blue eyes full of serious faith and awe, "is heaven?"

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Cherry, "you ask me what I would give all I have in the world to know. There are so many whom I love there."

"But what do you *think*? Often when one doesn't know, one has an *idea*. I don't know Italy, or India; but I imagine something. Aunt Cherry, tell me what you think."

"Oh, Cara, my darling, I don't know what it *is like*. I know there is no trouble or pain in it; and that God is not so far off as here. No, he is not far off here; but we can't see him; and we are such poor dull creatures. And I *think*, Cara, I *think* that our Lord must be always about there. That people may go and stand on the roadside and see him pass, and talk to him, and be satisfied about everything."

"How — be satisfied about everything?"

"Oh, child! I should not want anything more. He sees both sides, my darling, both here and there, and understands. I am sure they must be able to speak to him, and go to him, whenever they will —"

This thought brought great tears, a suffusion of utter wistfulness yet heart-content to Cherry's eyes. Little Cara did not know very well what was meant by such words. She did not understand this conception of the great Creator as a better-

taught child might have done. But she said to herself, all secretly, "If there is One like *that*, whether it is in heaven or earth, I might tell him, and it would be no harm."

While Miss Cherry dried her eyes, her heart lightened by that overflowing. Perhaps, though they had not seen him, he had passed that way, and heard the babble—what was it more?—between the woman and the child.

From The Spectator.
THE POETRY OF LEADING LAW CASES.

A VERY entertaining little volume of "Leading Cases done into English, by an Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn," has just been reprinted by Messrs. Macmillan from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where, no doubt, many of them have already won the respectful attention of some of our readers; and the thin octavo appears in the orthodox buff raiment of the volumes favored by legal authorities. The humorous effect consists, of course, partly in the contrast between the legal subtleties themselves and the assumed passion of their setting, and partly in the quaintness of the pictures called up of carpenters entering an alehouse, and refusing to pay the score demanded, or of public carriers who have taken charge of goods for hire, or of chimneysweeps who have been cheated out of their legitimate "finds," and so forth,—pictures in which the lawyers of the old world, with all their stately parade of learning, are summoned before the mind's eye to decide the legal position of these homely personages, so far as they illustrate the nature of trespass, the duties of bailees of goods committed to their charge, the scope of the action for trover, and so on. In accomplishing this artistic feat, the versifier of these "leading cases" has been most successful. He has surrounded his legal distinctions with a halo of mock passion which is in itself in the highest degree entertaining, especially when the style of the different modern poets is so admirably hit off that the cloud of associations which hangs round one of Mr. Swinburne's, or Mr. Rossetti's, or Mr. Browning's, or Mr. Clough's, or Mr. Tennyson's poems is summoned up to set off the mock tenderness or mock patriotism of the strain itself. And in the next place, the quaint detail of the pictures themselves, of the six carpenters charged with trespass for entering a place where

(after a very moderate meal) they refused to pay the full score demanded of them; or of the chimneysweep who, on presenting the valuable ring he had found to a jeweller, is cheated by that jeweller's assistant out of the valuable stones it contained; or of the agent who had undertaken to raise certain hogsheads of brandy from a certain cellar and deposit them safely in another cellar, and who had discharged his duty so negligently that one of the casks was staved in, and a good deal of brandy spilt, is so humorously given, that the importance of the legal points decided in relation to them makes a kind of picturesque triumphal arch over these *tableaux vivants* of the law.

For instance, what can be happier than this setting to the leading case of the six carpenters, and the action for trespass brought against them?—

This case befell at four of the clock
(now listeneth what I shall say),
and the year was the seventh of James the

First,

on a fine September day.

The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

It was Thomas Newman and five his feres
(three more would have made them nine),
and they entered into John Vaux's house,
that had the Queen's Head to sign.

The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

They called anon for a quart of wine
(they were carpenters all by trade),
and they drank about till they drank it out,
and when they'd drunk they paid.

The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

One spoke this word in John Riddings's ear
(white manchets are sweet and fine):
"Fair sir, we are faint of a penn'orth of bread
and another quart of wine."

The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

Full lightly thereof they did eat and drink
(to drink is iwis no blame).

"Now tell me eight pennies," quoth Master
Vaux;

but they would not pay the same.

The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
what trespass shall be *ab initio*.

"Ye have trespassed with force and arms, ye
knaves
(the six be too strong for me),

but your tortious entry shall cost you dear,
and that the King's Court shall see.
The birds on the bough sing loud and
nought low,
your trespass was wrought *ab initio*."

Sed per totam curiam 'twas well resolved
(note, reader, this difference)
that in mere not doing no trespass is,
and John Vaux went empty thence.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing
low,
no trespass was here *ab initio*.

The burden itself is very happy. The notion of the birds on the bough interesting themselves so deeply in the nature of a trespass from its initial stage, as to sing loud and low on the subject, gives a background of playful satire to this leading case from the beginning. And when detail is so gravely cited in the margin, on occasion of the order for the second quart of wine and a pennyworth of bread, — "*et semble que ceo est mervellous petit manger et bever pur vj. homes*," — you feel the same sort of amusement in the picture of this primeval determination of the law of trespass, as when you trace back the origin of the human animal to the time when, as some kindred (can it be the *same*?) poet described it, —

in the day's high meridian, the hour of
the fullness of time,
Came forth the elect, the Ascidian, from the
conflict of sea and of slime ;
And defying Fate's malice, that mocks us,
there swam on the waters of power,
A land of new life, Amphioxus, full blossom
of vertebrate flower.

Whether the fiction of the birds interesting themselves and their mates in the law of trespass, or the delightful contrast between the simplicity of the six carpenters' proceeding in "asking," but refusing to pay "for more," and the plaintiff's very strained hypothesis that their entry on the premises had been forceful and "tortious," so as to constitute a trespass, gives the greater air of satiric completeness to the picture, it would be hard to say. The second of the leading cases, "Coggs *v.* Bernard," which is given in the form of a judgment from Chief Justice Holt, is a very skilful parody on the style of the iambic speeches in Mr. Swinburne's Greek dramas, but it falls a little short of the one we have just given, and of some of the others, in the clearness of its statement of the legal points at issue. We do not suppose that any one would exactly go to this amusing little volume for legal knowledge, and it is not from that point of view that

we make our criticism. But half the literary pleasure is given by the quaint em bedding of these minute legal niceties in verse which has so many other and such very different associations, and this "apprentice of Lincoln's Inn" is always happiest when he sticks most conscientiously to his legal point, while embodying it in verse that fills one's soul with laughter. The point which arose in "Coggs *v.* Bernard" was one as to the obligations of different kinds of bailees of goods, and we cannot say we think the relative weight of legal responsibility in the different cases is very lucidly stated by Chief Justice Holt, in the following admirably Erechtheus-like speech : —

Such a sixfold coil
Of divers sorts of bailments, binding men
With diverse powers to manifold degrees
Of vigilance and answerable care,
Is woyen and shed around him as a net
Inevitable, whose woof of ancient wit
I, first of all men born in all this land,
Shall now in seemly wise with ordered speech
Spread forth, and through this undistinguished
field
Drive the clean ploughshare of dividing mind,
Ox-wise returning to and fro, till all
Be ready for the seed that springs to fruit
Of judgment; and the first is where a man
Hath taken goods to wait the bairl's use
Hireless, in unrewarded custody.
And bare deposit; he shall safely walk
Blameless in equal ways, preserving them
With equal care like as he doth his own,
Be it great or small; but negligence,
Gross and apparent, seeing an evil mind
Therein we deem to work his own effect
Of fraud and malice, to the utmost loss
Shall surely bind him; such not doubtful voice
Of witness clear and consonant is poured
In ears made meet for hearing from this book
Of Bracton, who, being old, yet speaketh law
Most righteous; nor this once, but twice and
thrice
He speaketh, meting fitting measure of care
To loans gratuitous and commodate,
Or else for hire, demanding diligence
Most strait and perfect; the next case is
fourth
In several station that with borrowed pledge
And pawn invadite holds the middle way
Not facile as the first, not stern to seek
Consummate care, whose weight and whole
recoil
Even now with one fifth wave of forceful need
Falls on that carrier who for all men's use
Doth exercise his calling, being bound
In all events against all jeopardies,
Yea, though an irresistible multitude
With might of hands and violent mastery
Should make his freight their quarry; what
sheer stress
Of the land's embattled foemen, or the act

Of most high gods hath wrought of ruin, shall rest
 Excusable, that only; but who takes
 Like trust by private and peculiar hand,
 Having reward, shall bear the lighter charge
 Fulfilled and perfect in such measure of care
 As reason bids; and lo, the sixth of kind
 Of these folk holden of six necessities
 Is this rewardless one who holdeth goods
 In simple mandate; and on him no less
 His undertaking, and the owner's trust
 Clothing his promise with investiture
 Of apt consideration, lay the load
 Of diligence in duty, that thereby
 The sure sweet common faith of man to man
 Shall lighten level from eyen to equal eyes
 Of one to other, not being desecrate
 In desolate places and dispraised of men.

The parody there is admirable, far better than the statement of the law, but in the fidelity of the legal exposition a great part of the humor of these cases consists. And therefore, we prefer, to this case, the excellent hexameters (suggestive of Clough), in which the case of "Elwes v. Mawe" is expounded, and the tenant's right to remove at the end of his tenancy the farm-buildings which he had erected at his own expense, for his own purposes, on his landlord's soil, is authoritatively denied, the distinction being taken between machinery which, to favor trade, the capitalist who puts it up is allowed to take away again when his tenancy is out, and the farm-building which cannot be so removed so as to advantage trade, while the loss of it would injure the interests of the land, for the benefit of which it was erected: —

Counsel for Elwes and Mawe stood forth and strove with examples,
 Showing what things in old time were esteemed ingrown to the freehold,
 Rooted past lawful removal, what kept their movable nature.
 Much they debated of wainscot and window,
 of furnace and oven,
 Vats of the dyer, and cider-mills, and boilers and salt-pans;
 Also, not least, a new thing, fire-engine, a blessing to coal-mines.
 Twice in two terms they strove, and the court considered its judgment,
 Judgment which afterwards, well advised, the chief justice delivered,
 Stated the case and the question, and spoke their considered opinion;
 No right had the defendant, they held, to remove these buildings.
 Wisely he showed how the general rule bids cleave to the freehold
 Things by the tenant once fixed, and explained the divers exceptions
 Suffered in favor of trade, the furnace, the vats, and the boilers,

Also the new fire-engines, the cider-mills, and the salt-pans;
 Ever in favor of trade such exceptions, no mention of farming;
 Further to stretch the exception to mere agricultural buildings,
 Not for a certain trade, were great and rash innovation.
 Wherefore Elwes, the shrewd, maintained his cause and his verdict,
 Had great worship of all men there, and went homeward rejoicing,
 Bearing the *postea*, goodly-engrossed, the prize of the battle.

How anxiously and accurately legal, as well as how mischievous in the prick it gives to the tenant-farmer, as a person whom the law declines specially to consider, is that very Cloughish line, — "Ever in favor of trade such exceptions, no mention of farming," and how profound the scorn in the "mere agricultural buildings"!

The dedication to John Stiles (on whom the "apprentice of Lincoln's Inn" gives us the following amusing note) is written in the happiest of Mr. Swinburne's rhapsodical moods: —

This J. S. is a mythical person, introduced for the purposes of illustration, and constantly met with in the older books of our law, especially Sheppard's "Touchstone:" a kind of cousin to John Doe and Richard Roe, but more active and versatile. In later works and in the Indian codes his initials, which are supposed to stand for John Stiles, have degenerated into unmeaning, solitary letters, such as A, B, and C. The old books are full of grants of lands to him for various estates, so that his wealth is evident. He also appears as a trustee and arbitrator, and (incongruously) as a servant. His devotion to Rome is shown by his desperate attempts to get there in three days: "If J. S. shall go to Rome in three days" is the standing example of an impossible condition. "If" or "until J. S. shall return from Rome" is also a frequent example of a condition or conditional limitation: hence the importance of that event is obviously not exaggerated by the poet. It is not clear why he did not want to ride to Dover, seeing it was on the way to Rome. It is said, however, that one who is bound in a bond with condition that he shall ride with J. S. to Dover such a day must procure J. S. to go thither and ride with him at his peril. Aulus Egerius and Numerius Negidius are corresponding, and therefore rival, personages of the civil law, who may be found in the Digest and Institutes. It is understood that the revival of the study of Roman law by the inns of court is to be commemorated in the decoration of the new law courts by colossal statues of Aulus Egerius and Numerius Ne-

gidius trampling on the corpses of John Doe and Richard Roe respectively.

That itself is humorous enough, but the rhapsody on "J. S." is still more brilliant, and one of the most perfect parodies in our language :—

DEDICATION TO J. S.

When waters are rent with commotion
Of storms, or with sunlight made whole,
The river still pours to the ocean
The stream of its effluent soul ;
You, too, from all lips of all living
Of worship dethroned and discrowned,
Shall know by these gifts of my giving
That faith is yet found ;

By the sight of my song-flight of cases
That bears on wings woven of rhyme
Names set for a sign in high places
By sentence of men of old time ;
From all counties they meet and they mingle,
Dead suitors whom Westminster saw ;
They are many, but your name is single,
Pure flower of pure law.

When bounty of grantors was gracious
To enfeoff you in fee and in tail,
The bounds of your lands were made spacious
With lordship from Sale unto Dale ;
Trusts had you and services loyal,
Lips sovereign for ending of strife,
And the name of the world's names most royal
For light of your life.

Ah desire that was urgent to Romeward
And feet that were swifter than fate's,
And the noise of the speed of them homeward
For mutation and fall of estates !
Ah the days when your riding to Dover
Was prayed for and precious as gold,
The journeys, the deeds that are over,
The praise of them told !

But the days of your reign are departed,
And our fathers that fed on your looks
Have begotten a folk feeble-hearted
That seek not your name in their books ;
And against you is risen a new foeman
To storm with strange engines your home ;
We wax pale at the name of him Roman,
His coming from Rome.

Even she, the immortal imperious,
Supreme one from days long ago,
Sends the spectre of Aulus Egerius
To hound the dead ghost of John Doe ;
By the name of Numerius Nigidius
Your brethren are slain without sword ;
Is it so, that she, too, is perfidious,
The Rome you adored ?

Yet I pour you this drink of my verses,
Of learning made lovely with lays,
Song bitter and sweet that rehearses
The deeds of your eminent days :

Yea, in these evil days from their reading
Some profit a student shall draw,
Though some points are of obsolete pleading,
And some are not law.

Though the courts that were manifold dwindle
To divers divisions of one,
And no fire from your face may rekindle
The light of old learning undone,
We have suitors and briefs for our payment,
While, so long as a court shall hold pleas,
We talk moonshine with wigs for our raiment,
Not sinking the fees.

As regards parody, the least happy is, we think, the one on Tennyson, "Wiglesworth v. Dallison," though it would be hard to give in verse a better account of the lawsuit and the issue. Perhaps Mr. Tennyson's easy and yet full-mouthed style does not tickle the apprentice of Lincoln's Inn as quite so ludicrous in connection with a law-suit as the style of Swinburne, or Browning, or Rossetti's antique ballads, or even Clough. Certainly the case of "Scott v. Shepherd," as related by "any pleader to any student," in the best and bruskest possible Browningese, and the case of "Mostyn v. Fabrigas," a case of action for trespass for a wrong done in the island of Minorca by the governor of the said island, the action being brought in the English courts, where the governor supposed that no action would lie for a trespass done beyond the seas, the account of it being given in one of the happiest imitations of the old ballad literature which we have ever seen, are narrated with a skill in combining the study of law points with racy parody on poetic style, such as has hardly been surpassed. On the whole, we think the antique ballad style suits these cases better than any other poetic setting. There is a gossippiness in the old ballads which reminds one of the gossippiness of the old lawyers, and the two, skilfully connected, make what is more like a real and racy work of art than any of the more obvious parodies. The latter are satirical, but these old ballads on law cases have almost the effect of old-fashioned poems written in good faith ; and the quaintness of effect so produced gives more pleasure than any parody.

From Temple Bar.
THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF GIPSYES.

ONE day, four hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts, there knocked at the gates of the city of Lüneburg, on the Elbe, as strange a rabble rout as had ever been

seen by German burgher. There were three hundred of them, men and women, accompanied by an extraordinary number of children. They were dusky of skin, with jet black hair and eyes; they wore strange garments; they were unwashed and dirty even beyond the liberal limits tolerated by the cold-water-fearing citizens of Lüneburg; they had with them horses, donkeys, and carts; they were led by two men whom they described as duke and count. These two alone were dressed in some kind of splendor, and rode richly caparisoned horses; they were most courteous in manner; they seemed careful to conciliate; they talked among themselves a strange language, and they understood the language of the country. All they asked was permission to camp for a few days outside the gates. All the Lüneburgers turned out to gaze open-mouthed at these pilgrims, while the duke and the count told the authorities their tale, which was wild and romantic; even had they invented a story to suit their own objects, no other could so well have enlisted the sympathies of a credulous, kindly, uncritical, and soft-hearted folk. Many years before, they explained, while the tears of penitence stood in the eyes of all but the youngest children, they had been a Christian community, living in orthodoxy, and therefore happiness, in a far-off country known as Egypt. The Lüneburgers had heard of Egypt. Crusades had not been out of fashion more than two hundred years, and people still told of dreadful things done in Egypt as well as in the Holy Land. Egypt, indeed, was about as well known to mediæval Europe as it was to the Israelites under the judges. The strangers came from Egypt. It was the land of the phoenix. It was not far from the dominions of Prester John. It was the country of the Saracen and the infidel. They were then a happy Christian flock. To their valley came the Saracens, an execrable race, worshipping Mahound. Yielding, in an evil hour, to the threats and persecutions of their conquerors, they — here they turned their faces and wept aloud — they abjured Christ. But thereafter they had no rest or peace, and a remorse so deep fell upon their souls that they were fain to arise, leave their homes, and journey to Rome in hope of getting

reconciliation with the Church. They were graciously received by the pope, who promised to admit them back into the fold after seven years of penitential wandering. They had letters of credit from King Sigismund — would the Lüneburgers kindly look at them? — granting safe-conduct and recommending them to the safe protection of all honest people. The Lüneburg folk were touched at the recital of so much suffering in a cause so good; they granted the request of the strangers. They allowed them to encamp; they watched in curiosity while the black tents were pitched, the naked babies rolled out on the grass, the donkeys tethered, and the brass kettle slung over the newly kindled fire; then they went home. The next day the strangers visited the town. In the evening a good many things were missed, especially those unconsidered trifles which a housewife may leave about her doorway. Poultry became suddenly scarce; eggs doubled in price; it was rumored that purses had been lost while their owners gazed at the strangers; cherished cups of silver were not to be found. Could it be that these Christian penitents, these remorseful backsliders, these seekers after holiness, these interesting pilgrims, so gentle of speech, so courteous and humble, were cut-purses and thieves? The next day there remained no longer any doubt about the matter at all, because the gentle strangers were taken in the act, red-handed. While the Lüneburgers took counsel, in their leisurely way, how to meet a case so uncommon, the pilgrims suddenly decamped, leaving nothing behind them but the ashes of their fires and the picked bones of the purloined poultry. Then Dogberry called unto him his brother Verges, and they fell to thanking God that they were rid of knaves. This was the first historical appearance of gipsies. It was a curious place to appear in. The mouth of the Elbe is a long way from Egypt, even if you travel by sea, which does not appear to have been the case; and a journey on land not only would have been infinitely more fatiguing, but would, one would think, have led to some notice on the road before reaching Lüneburg. There, however, the gipsies certainly are first heard of, and henceforth history has plenty to say about their doings.